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LOVE's PILGRIMAGE.

VOL. II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LOVE's PILGRIMAGE;

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

COMPILED FROM THE

JOURNAL OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall he who hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

MR. AUDLEY and Mr. Warden returned from Scotland in October; they first went to pay their respects at Audley-house; and as soon as the former had paid his duty there, he begged leave to go to visit Mr. Cresfield, hoping to bring him back, and to prevail on him to spend the winter with him in London.

Lord Audley consented to his journey, upon condition, that he should not stay longer than a week with his friend; and that he should endeavour to bring Mr. Cresfield home with him.

Mr. Cresfield was now in poſſeſſion of the family eſtate; many fathers and mothers began to put their daughters in his way; and Lord Audley meditated a future ſon-in-law in him.

Mr. Audley condoled with, and congratulated his friend; he enjoyed his acceſſion to affluence and independence; he invited, and inſiſted upon his returning with him. Mr. Cresfield told him, he muſt aſk his mother whether ſhe could ſpare him, for ſhe had the entire diſpoſal of him.

Mr. Audley took the firſt opportunity of ſpeaking to Mrs. Cresfield upon this ſubject. She gave conſent inſtantly. It is proper, ſaid ſhe, that Mr. Cresfield ſhould be ſeen and known in the world, as the head of a reſpectable family: he ought not to be confined to his own houſe and eſtate. Your friendſhip does him honour; he ought to enjoy

joy the advantages of it. But, my dear Sir, I have a favour to aſk of you in return.

Any thing in my power, Madam, you may command.

Sir, I wiſh my ſon to think on marriage; but I do not wiſh to reſtrain his choice. I have hinted my wiſh to him; he referred to ſome very diſtant time; he ſighed deeply, and changed the ſubject, as if it gave him pain to continue it. I know young men communicate their thoughts to each other. Do you know of any attachment, that my ſon has to any lady, abroad, or at home? I fear to be too inquiſitive to him, leſt I ſhould hear what would give me pain to know; but you, Sir, will excuſe a mother's ſolicitude for her darling ſon.

I wiſh, Madam, it was in my power to give you information; all that I know, I will freely tell you. He then gave her one of Charles's letters out of his pocket-book, wherein he acknowledged a ſecret wound in his heart. Audley mentioned his reply to Charles; wiſhing and perſuading him to communicate the cauſe of his grief; but to no purpoſe.

Mrs. Cresfield thanked him for this communication, and wiſhed him to ſound the depths of her ſon's heart, and find out the wound in it, and ſhe would ſtudy for the cure of it.

A few days after, the two friends departed from the Hall; and went directly to Audley-houſe, where they were joyfully received as the moſt welcome of gueſts.

They

They visited all the neighbouring gentry, and were visited in turn. Mr. Cresfield was known to have lately succeeded to a large fortune by the death of his father and elder brother. These are circumstances to which due attention is always paid, while merit in a younger brother is overlooked or disregarded.

Charles was polite to all the ladies; but his behaviour was guarded by prudence; he paid no particular attention; he did not lay himself out to please. The ladies called him reserved, and some imputed it to pride. Audley sounded his heart, but his plummet was not deep enough to fathom it.

Lord Audley invited him to spend the winter at his house in London. Mr. Cresfield paid his acknowledgments; said, he must spend his Christmas at home with his mother and

aunt; muſt perform ſome family and ſocial duties; after which, he would wait on his Lordſhip, and ſpend a month at leaſt in the capital.

Mr. Audley would fain have detained him, and adviſed him to perform theſe duties by proxy; but Charles would not hear of it. Do you think, ſaid he, that the omiſſion of duties, and commiſſion of ſins, will be puniſhed by proxy in another ſtate?

You are ſo very ſerious, Charles, that I think you are fit to be married, and it ſurpriſes me that you do not ſet about it. Your mother ardently wiſhes it, and women of merit are to be found worthy of the honour of bearing your name.

Doubtleſs there are many of whom I am not worthy; but as I can marry but one,

one, I would not pay my court to any but that one, when I ſhall find her.

Ah! where is that one to be found? ſaid Audley.

I wiſh I could tell you where, anſwered Cresfield. He ſighed deeply, and was ſilent.

Poor Mrs. Cresfield! neither your wiſhes nor my intreaties can ſubdue this obſtinate ſilence; nor prevail on your ſon to diſcloſe the ſecret that hinders him from thinking on marriage.

Did my mother diſcloſe her thoughts and wiſhes to you, Mr. Audley?

She did, Sir; ſhe commiſſioned me to ſecond her wiſhes by all my influence with you.

Dear woman! how could ſhe think I would confide in any one living, before the beſt of mothers?

That ſecret wound in your heart, Charles; does that prevent your marriage?

It does. I cannot marry till it is healed; when that happens, I will endeavour to comply with the wiſhes of my friends. Oh, my dear mother! ſhe ſhall be the firſt to know the cauſe of my reſerve in this point. I owe it to her maternal goodneſs and affection. You are my next friend; but I cannot diſcloſe my ſecret even to you. You will oblige me, by forbearing to touch upon this ſubject at preſent: in all other affairs, I will be unreſerved to you, but in this you muſt excuſe me. Your urgency gives me more pain than you can imagine; I leave you for an hour.

Not in anger, I hope?

No; in vexation only.

They parted, and met not again till ſupper-time; when Charles behaved with his uſual politeneſs; but Audley ſaw a cloud of care upon his countenance.

In the beginning of December, Mr. Cresfield returned home, promiſing to meet his friend in London, and ſpend ſome time with him there in the courſe of the winter.

He ſpent the Chriſtmas holidays in his own family; his brother Edward was ſent for, and his behaviour to him was like that of the moſt tender father; to his mother and aunt, he was the moſt dutiful and affectionate of ſons. His tenants were all invited and entertained; he got acquainted with them perſonally;

he got information of their ſituation and circumſtances, and ſhowed himſelf their beſt friend.

Several letters paſſed between Mr. Audley and Mr. Cresfield during their ſeparation. Mrs. Cresfield received one from Mr. Audley, in which he told her of his attack upon her ſon, and its bad ſucceſs; adding, that it gave him ſo much pain, that he reſolved not to queſtion him further unleſs he led to it; and alſo, he was certain, that whenever he thought proper to open his heart, it would be to her in preference to any body.

Mrs. Cresfield followed this advice; ſhe forbore preſſing her ſon upon the ſubject of marriage; and only ſometimes hinted her wiſhes at a diſtance: he behaved to her and his aunt with the utmoſt duty and affection.

In the month of February he went to London, promiſing to return in the beginning of May, and to enjoy the beauties of the country and the ſociety of his deareſt friends.

During his reſidence in London, he conducted himſelf with the utmoſt prudence and propriety; he frequented the moſt polite circles with Mr. Audley; but he made a reſolution not to play above a certain moderate ſtake; he prevailed on Audley to do the ſame: and Lord Audley acknowledged obligation to him for reclaiming his ſon from this dangerous propenſity.

You know not, ſaid young Audley, the half of my obligations to Charles Cresfield; he has put a ſeal upon my lips, and I dare not take it off; but my heart knows and feels it, and never can loſe the ſtrong impreſſion.

Mr. Cresfield blushed exceedingly.

Lord Audley said, that is the true colour of modest merit.

Pray, my Lord! pray, Mr. Audley! no more of this, or I must leave the room.

I obey you, Sir, said Audley, and will change the subject. We are invited to a masked ball at the Venetian resident's. Every thing is to be in the Italian style. My father has scruples about my sisters going; I have none. If you and I take charge of them, they will surely be safe.

I will accept the office, and shall be honored by it; if my Lord will please to appoint me.

I am not resolved, answered my Lord; when I am, you shall know.

Then

Then leave it to the dear girls to decide.

Agreed, ſaid my Lord.

They met at dinner, and the queſtion was propoſed:—the young ladies knew that their father diſapproved their going; they therefore declined it poſitively. Lord Audley offered them any other amuſement for that evening; they choſe a play; Mr. Cresfield offered to attend them.

Mr. Audley inſiſted on his friend's company to the maſquerade; he begged leave to decline it. His reaſons were aſked for. He gave ſuch as were not allowed; the true one was only known to himſelf. When the day came, Mr. Cresfield refuſed to go. Audley perſuaded, remonſtrated, was angry. Charles was ſteady in his refuſal. Audley went alone,

alone, and Cresfield and the chaplain attended the ladies to the play.

Audley came home late, or rather early it ought to be called—at five in the morning. Mr. Cresfield breakfasted with the family at the usual hour. As soon as Mr. Audley rose, he desired Mr. Cresfield's company in his own dressing room, where he breakfasted.

Mr. Cresfield saluted his friend in his usual manner, hoping he had spent an agreeable evening.

Moderately so; if you had been there it had been better; but none of these kind of things answer one's expectations.

It is so with pleasures of all kinds; the pursuit is every thing, the enjoyment little or nothing.

You,

You, Mr. Philoſopher, that are above the purſuit of pleaſure; do not you ſometimes love real happineſs, while you purſue an ideal one?

Perhaps I do; but it is a mental one however, and elevates my mind, while corporeal pleaſures debaſe it.

Fine talking! I am much miſtaken if certain corporeal pleaſures are not the parents of your mental ones.

What mean you, Sir? I do not underſtand you.

Yes, better than I do you; I ſhould not take ſo great a liberty with you without ſome cauſe.

What cauſe, pray?

You were inquired for laſt night. The reſident aſked me if I had not a young

young gentleman viſitor with me. I told him there was ſuch a perſon with me, but not preſent.

Why did he not come here? I hope he was invited?

He was indeed, in the politeſt manner; but he choſe rather to attend my ſiſters to the play.

Then he muſt be excuſed, being engaged in the ladies' ſervice. But pray tell me his name? I have a reaſon for aſking.

His name is Cresfield of ——ſhire.

Was he not with you in Italy laſt year?

He was, Sir.

Was

Was he not at Venice with you?

Yes, Sir.

Then I have received a packet for him, with an injunction to have it delivered into his own hand; my ſecretary ſhall wait upon him at any hour you pleaſe.

At two o'clock then, if you pleaſe, Sir.

He ſhall certainly attend you at that hour.

Now, Sir, I thought you would rather that I ſhould give you this intelligence alone, than in full aſſembly.

Mr. Cresfield's countenance varied all the time his friend was ſpeaking; at length he ſpoke; I thank you, Sir; it was kind and conſiderate of you.

Some-

Somebody in Venice thinks on you, Charles; and ſomebody here thinks on him or her, or they or them.

You are not miſtaken; ſuch things may happen.

Audley wrapt his arms round himſelf, and laughed; I think I hear another ſhower of ducats ſing in the air!

You are pleaſant, Sir; enjoy your own fancies.

Now I dare not go any further; I thought it proper to prepare you for your viſitor; I expect him every minute.

I thank you, Sir; I am ready to receive him.

I ſhall retire, and leave him with you here.

I do

I do not think he can have any thing to ſay to me that you may not hear; if he has, I will ſay ſo.

You are wrapt up in myſtery; but I aſk your pardon.

I am not at liberty to explain it; I am under a ſolemn obligation, under an oath of ſecrecy.

I ſay no more, Sir. What, an oath in heaven!

Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice!

SHAKESPEARE.

Your quotation comes in very happily indeed, Sir; you are playful, and you cannot help it. Well, enjoy your ſpirits while you may.

Audley anſwered; Youth is ſhort and wears away.

Poetry too! but it is not entirely your own.

'Tis your's or any man's now. Hark! a knocking at the door; your viſitor, I believe.

Here the door opened, and the Venetian gentleman was announced. Mr. Audley received him with the greateſt politeneſs, and introduced him to Mr. Cresfield.

Sir, is your name Charles Cresfield?

It is, Sir, at your ſervice.

Were you at Venice in this month laſt year?

I was, Sir; with Mr. Audley and Mr. Warden.

The

The gentleman took a packet out of his boſom, and preſented it to him; Sir, I am ordered by the Venetian reſident to give this into your own hands, and in his name to give you aſſurance that your drafts upon him will be duly honoured.

Sir, I am obliged to you for taking this trouble.

No, Sir; I am only executing my Lord's orders.

Pray, Sir, be ſeated, and reſt yourſelf awhile.

No, Sir; I thank you; I have no further commiſſion.

He retired, bowing low.

Pray, Sir, preſent my reſpectful compliments to the reſident; I am much obliged to him.

And mine alſo, ſaid Mr. Audley, who attended him to the ſtairs.

In that interval Cresfield ran away to his own apartment, locked the door, and opened the packet. It incloſed an order upon the Venetian reſident for a thouſand pounds Engliſh money, and the following letter:

"A ſon and heir is born to a noble "family; the parents will ever remem- "ber their obligations to Don Carlo "Cresfield. Accept, without ſcruple, "the acknowledgments of friendſhip, "and expect the ſame annually. You "have further credit with the reſident "of Venice for another thouſand pounds, "or more, if you want it. We are told "that you have an elder brother who "does not love you, and a father upon "whom you are dependant, who does "not know how to eſtimate your value. "Envy always follows ſuperior me- "rit.

" rit. Be aſſured you have friends that " will always ſupport you; fear not " to call upon them freely upon all oc- " caſions.

" The mother and child are in perfect " health. The major-domo ſends you " his moſt reſpectful compliments; he " will ſhortly ſend you a preſent of " Greek wine, ſuch as he drinks your " health in frequently. We ſalute you " affectionately, and bid you adieu."

Charles Cresfield read this letter with ſuch blended ideas and ſentiments as are hardly to be underſtood or expreſſed, but by a man ſo peculiarly circumſtanced; he felt pleaſure and pain, joy and ſorrow, in the ſame moment; he kiſſed the letter, and ſprinkled it with tears of affection; the next moment he threw it from him with indignation: This comes (ſaid he aloud) from that old raſcal who proſtituted his wife to have an heir to his fortune;

fortune; then softening his voice; Oh, no, she was not prostituted; she was given to the arms of her true lover, her real husband! Oh, heavens! have I then a wife and son! Oh that they were here with me! My dear mother would receive my first born with transport, and lay it in her bosom. Oh, cruel fate! I am deprived of these inestimable blessings, which, though they are truly mine, I cannot claim, cannot see nor enjoy. Why did I consent to that base proposal? Oh, I am now severely and justly punished for this offence to virtue! Here he burst into a passion of tears, which gave vent to the emotions of his heart; he wept some time, after which by degrees he became composed. He stole down stairs, went and took a walk in the park, where he brooded over his thoughts, till, looking at his watch, he perceived he must return to dress for dinner.

When

When he met the family, Mr. Audley looked inquiſitive. Mr. Cresfield ſtrove to behave as uſual; but there was an air of reſerve and melancholy on his countenance.

After dinner, the converſation turned upon the ball of the night before. The ladies aſked many queſtions concerning Venice, and the manners of its inhabitants; Audley was eaſy and communicative, Cresfield reſerved and ſilent. Miſs Audley aſked whether Engliſh money was current at Venice. Audley turned to Cresfield, ſmiled archly, and ſaid, I know that Venetian ducats go current in England, and Engliſh guineas are good to exchange for them at Venice. Pray, Sir, do you inform the ladies further; for you underſtand theſe matters better than I do.

Charles looked grave on Audley; and bowing to the ladies, he ſaid, the Ve-

netians reckon chiefly by ſequins; they coin them at Venice, and they go current in all the coaſts of the Mediterranean, and the Levant alſo. The wonder is, where all the gold comes from, that ſupplies Venice with the means for ſo great a coinage. Some ſpeculative people have imagined, that Venice has the art of multiplying gold, while others ſmile at it, as you do, Mr. Audley.

Yes, Sir; I believe there may be people who have learned that art at Venice; but for my part I am ignorant of it.

That hint is underſtood, Sir. You know your friend, and rely on his forbearance; or you would not ſo frequently harp upon a ſubject that you know gives him pain.

It

It lay ſo fairly in my way, that I could not help it; but I ſtand corrected, and I aſk your pardon, Sir.

You have it conditionally; you underſtand me.

Mr. Audley changed the ſubject immediately; and from that time ſuppreſſed his inclination to make Charles apply every thing to himſelf that related to Italy; yet he was ſeriouſly vexed at his reſerve, and want of confidence in him.

The ladies obſerved, but could not underſtand why Mr. Cresfield ſhould be ſo ſeriouſly angry with their brother, nor why he ſhould be ſo ready to aſk his pardon, for what ſeemed to them no kind of offence. As ſoon as Mr. Cresfield retired, they queſtioned him on the ſubject.

I cannot tell you the whole of the cauſe, ſaid he. Charles keeps his heart ſhut againſt his friend in all things that allude to the ſubject I touched upon, againſt his expreſs prohibition: but as far as my conjecture goes, I will tell you. I have reaſon to think there is a lady in Venice to whom his heart is too deeply engaged. He loves her truly, and is uneaſy about her. She, as I believe, is as fond of him, and is very generous to him; but he keeps it a profound ſecret, as I ſuppoſe, by the lady's injunction. Charles Cresfield is a man that any woman might be proud to conquer; but I fear that his heart is already diſpoſed of: and I mention it as a warning to you; for I ſhould be very much concerned, if any relation of mine ſhould form expectations upon a man, who (though of ſuperior merit) could not anſwer them.

The

The younger lady ſmiled, and was ſilent. The elder ſaid, curtſeying, ſhe thanked him for his warning; but hoped it was not quite ſo bad with either of them, as to form expectations upon any man, before he had made any advances to them, how great ſoever his merit might be.

I am glad of it, my dear girls; but ſurely there is no harm in the precautions of a friend and a brother.

No, ſurely, Sir; we are obliged to you for your care of us. But pray, brother, (ſaid the other lady,) tell us why Mr. Cresfield was ſo much diſpleaſed with you, and why you aſked his pardon for what, to us, ſeemed nothing?

Why, there is a myſtery in that affair; and what I now tell you is in

ſtrict confidence. I had played deep at Venice; had loſt more than I could pay; Mr. Warden called upon us to leave Venice, and fixed the time; I was diſtreſſed, and told Charles my ſituation; he ſupplied all my wants in the moſt generous manner; only conditioning, that I ſhould not let Mr. Warden know of it, nor yet inquire where he got the money; which was indeed wonderful to me, for the ſum was conſiderable.

This was what I alluded to when I ſpoke of the art of multiplying gold; he was diſpleaſed at the alluſion, and with reaſon; for he had often enjoined me ſilence on this ſubject: let this be as if you had never heard it; and remember that your brother is under unreturnable obligations to Mr. Creſfield.—The ladies promiſed ſecrecy; and they ſeparated.

Some

Some days after, Mr. Cresfield took an opportunity of asking his friend whether he did not want money? and desired him to permit him to be his banker. Oh, my friend! you are too generous and too kind. Thank Heaven, I have no wants! No more gambling debts; nor ever will I again. My father's bounty is sufficient for my present occasions; and he has given me credit in addition to my allowance.

I should take it very ill if you should apply to any man but me.

I well know my Charles's friendship and generosity; but I hope I shall be wiser in future than I have been in times past. Let me again ask your pardon for my imprudent raillery on a prohibited subject; I promise to be more guarded in future.

Truly, I thought your wit ran away from your diſcretion; yet the occaſion tempted you, and I excuſe it.—Alas! if you knew how painful this ſubject is to me, I am ſure you would avoid it.

I am grieved and aſhamed for the pain I have given you.

Say no more!—I forgive you heartily. Let us change the ſubject. Remember always, you have a reſource in my purſe; and call upon me without ſcruple.

The more careful ought I to be not to abuſe your confidence.

Let us then return to your family-ſociety, and enjoy it while I may. The winter wears away too faſt.

The winter was rolling away, and the ſpring approaching. Mr. Cresfield remembered

remembered his promiſe to the good ladies of his family. He told his noble friends that he had promiſed his mother and his aunt to ſpend the month of May with them at his own ſeat. In June he expected his brother home; and muſt pay attention to his improvements, and finiſh his education. He hoped Mr. Audley would viſit him, and ſtay as long as my Lord could ſpare him. He thanked my Lord for his kindneſs and hoſpitality. He took a polite leave of the young ladies; an affectionate one of Mr. Audley; he invited them all to viſit him and his friends; and returned home to his own houſe and family.

He was joyfully received by his mother and aunt, who longed impatiently for his company: though Mrs. Creſfield ſhowed no ſigns of regret at his departure, yet ſhe felt the void of his abſence; but ſhe could practice the vir-

tue of ſelf-denial for his ſervice. At his return ſhe ſtrove, by every method ſhe could think of, to make his home ſo agreeable to him that he ſhould not wiſh to leave it preſently. She invited the neighbouring gentry to viſit her ſon; ſhe gave entertainments; ſhe made balls and routs for his amuſement; ſhe ſometimes had muſical parties; and in all theſe ſhe ſtudied his taſte, and only wiſhed to pleaſe him. He was cold, inſenſible, abſtracted; and particularly ſo in the company of women. Mrs. Cresfield ardently wiſhed him to marry; but ſhe forbore to teaze him on the ſubject.

At Midſummer Edward Cresfield came home; the maſter gave a good account of his underſtanding and improvements; but he adviſed to keep him with him another year, before he ſhould be ſent to Oxford. This gentleman ſtaid a week at the Hall; and

and gave great pleaſure to Mr. Creſfield and his mother.

In the month of July Mr. Audley viſited his friend; and then the balls and entertainments were renewed. Audley entered into theſe amuſements with ſpirit and gaiety; he pleaſed the ladies more than his ſerious friend. Mrs. Cresfield promoted their diverſions; ſhe wiſhed her ſon to find his pleaſures at home, and to bring thither one who ſhould eſtabliſh his happineſs. She communicated her wiſhes to Mr. Audley, and aſked him to ſecond them: he was very ingenuous and ſincere in his reply:—I have already, Madam, ſaid all that I dared, on your ſide; but I have been diſcouraged, and deſired not to renew the ſubject. I have a freſh difficulty that oppoſes me. My father has urged me to marry; and I have begged leave to decline it. With what

face could I urge my friend to do what I am ſeeking to avoid?

And why ſhould you decline it, Sir? I ſhall take my Lord's ſide of the queſtion. Are you both determined to be old bachelors?

No, certainly, Madam, ſaid Mr. Audley, ſmiling. I only wait till I can find a lady that anſwers to my idea of conjugal happineſs;—ſuch a one as the lady before me.

Ah, Mr. Audley, you pay me compliments; to put me off the ſubject.

No, Madam; your ſon can bear witneſs for me, that I mean more than I have uttered; your precepts to him, Madam, have been of ſervice to me; and I reſpect you more than words can expreſs. But I will check myſelf; I know

know thoſe who beſt deſerve praiſe, are the moſt reluctant to receive it:—I will change the ſubject. My father has an eſtate in Ireland, he is inclined to make it over to me; but he wiſhes me to ſee it, and to give my opinion of it; I ſhall gladly ſeize the opportunity of ſeeing Ireland; for it is my ambition to know all that I can of this globe which we inhabit; and if you would give me my friend's company for a few months, it would double my pleaſure in this excurſion.

Oh! Mr. Audley, how can you aſk it? He reſides here ſo ſeldom, and for ſo ſhort a time, as if this houſe was not his proper home, and as if he was not happy here.

Mrs. Cresfield's voice faultered, and her eyes were full of tears. Audley was affected. He kneeled to her; forgive me, deareſt lady! I have been too im-

portunate,

portunate, and too ſelfiſh; but you know it is my love for your ſon that is the cauſe of it. I will not aſk for Charles's company unleſs you encourage me. May he ſoon bring you a daughter, and find his happineſs at home!

I thank you for that wiſh, Sir; and may you do the ſame, and eſtabliſh your happineſs and your father's wiſh to ſee your poſterity.

I return my thanks, Madam; I have recommendations to many noble families in Ireland; perhaps I may find what I ſeek there: your bleſſing and good wiſhes will give me hope of ſucceſs. Mr. Audley left her, and went to ſeek for his beloved friend.

Some days after, Audley told Mr. Cresfield all that had paſſed; and ſaid he dared not aſk for his company to Ireland,

Ireland, leſt he ſhould give pain to the beſt of mothers; adding, I wiſh to Heaven, Charles, that you had a ſiſter! and then ſhe ſhould be my mother alſo.

I thank you, my dear friend, for that wiſh; but our friendſhip wants no additional tie. I will ſtay with my mother this ſummer, ſhe has a juſt claim to my company; we ſhall converſe by letter, and you will tell me all that befals you in Ireland.

Soon after, Mr. Audley fixed the time for his departure; Mr. Cresfield made no attempt to detain him, knowing his determination.

Mrs. Cresfield ſaid, I am afraid, Mr. Audley, you think me too ſelfiſh. My dear ſon, have you any wiſh to attend Mr. Audley to Ireland?

No,

No, Madam, he does not aſk or expect it.

Oh, Madam! do not think me too ſelfiſh; nor that I can think of you but as the worthieſt and beſt of mothers. I ſhall write to Charles, and he will let you know what I am doing.

I ſhall always be intereſted, Sir, in your welfare and happineſs.

Mr. Audley thanked her for her goodneſs to him; and before he departed, requeſted her bleſſing and her prayers, which ſhe gave cheerfully.

After Mr. Audley's departure, Mrs. Cresfield engaged her ſon in viſits to all the neighbouring gentry; he never refuſed to give her his company; but never ſeemed to receive any other pleaſure than that of obliging her. She often queſtioned him, how he liked this

and

and that family; and ſometimes minutely of particular perſons. His replies were ſhort and cold. If ſhe praiſed any lady or gentleman, he would aſſent briefly, or ſay that he would like them for her ſake. She was concerned to ſee that he had no particular attachment or diſlike. I am very ſorry, (ſaid ſhe,) my dear ſon, to perceive that you cannot find any of our neighbours, whom you think worthy of your love or friendſhip.

Not ſo, Madam; doubtleſs there are many whoſe merits are much ſuperior to mine; but I am an old-faſhioned fellow, and think a man cannot have but one dear and intimate friend, and only one miſtreſs.

Ah, Charles, one of theſe I know! but the other you keep carefully from me; and I cannot but ſuſpect that ſhe

is

is unworthy of you, or you would introduce her to your mother.

Think better of your ſon, Madam; there are ſome circumſtances that I cannot at preſent reveal to any one; if I could, it ſhould be to you in preference to any perſon. Seek not to know more, remember what the poet ſays,

"Knowing too much at firſt loſt Paradiſe."
SUCKLING.

Ah! Charles, why do you ſmile? do you reflect upon your mother?

No, Madam; but upon your and my grandmother the lady Eve. Forgive me, and let us change the ſubject.

Mrs. Cresfield roſe, and went to the door of the room; Charles flew after her; and throwing his arms round her, drew her back.

You

You are angry, my dear mother; you muſt not leave me in anger. He dropped on his knees, and aſked her forgiveneſs.

I find, ſaid ſhe, Mr. Audley told me the truth; you will not ſuffer any body to ſpeak on this ſubject; yet it is neareſt to my heart, and it will riſe to my lips ſometimes: muſt I apologize to my ſon for my anxious wiſhes for his happineſs?

No, Madam; it is I that apologize to you; muſt I ſue in vain?

She could not keep her reſentment; ſhe embraced him, they were reconciled; but ſhe was vexed at this repulſe to her inquiries.

Soon after this, Mrs. Cresfield received a letter from Miſs Audley.

" Madam,

" Madam,

" By order of my father, and the " desire of my brother, I write to inform " you, that my brother is arrived in " Dublin, safe and well. He was cor- " dially received by my father's friends, " and has been so much engaged by " them, that he has had little leisure for " writing, and the present is a letter of " duty.

" He desires us to give his remem- " brance to Mr. and Mrs. Cresfield, and " remind her, that she promised to re- " member him in her prayers. Lord Aud- " ley is delighted with this instance of " Mrs. Cresfield's regard for his son; and " it proves to him, that he will endeavour " to deserve it. Mr. Audley promises " to write to Mr. Cresfield, as soon as " he can command so much time for " himself. My Lord and his daughters

" present

" preſent compliments and good wiſhes
" to Mr. and Mrs. Cresfield.

" I am, Madam,

" Your moſt humble ſervant,

" M. A. AUDLEY."

Some weeks after, Mr. Cresfield received the expected letter from his friend, which follows here:

The Hon. E. F. AUDLEY, to CHARLES CRESFIELD, Eſq.

" My dear friend,

" I have been ſo much engaged by
" my new friends here, that I have not
" had leiſure to write to my old ones; this
" ſounds like a poor excuſe; but I rely
" on my Charles's friendſhip, as I truſt he
" does on mine, for allowances where-
" ever it is wanted. I would not appear
" to be ungrateful to thoſe who are laying
" themſelves out to ſerve and oblige me;
" nor much leſs would I be ſo to thoſe

" whom

" whom I love upon full proof of their
" worth and fidelity.

" Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
" And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
" Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf. Give me that man
" That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
" In my heart's core: aye in my heart of heart,
" As I do thee. Something too much of this."
SHAKESPEARE.

" I am really in danger of being
" ſpoiled, by too much attention; did
" you ever know any man the better for
" it? It makes a man take more con-
" ſequence to himſelf; and the more he
" receives, the more he expects; till he
" is blown up, and bloated with vanity.

" When you ſee any marks of this
" folly in me, Charles, be ſure to cor-
" rect me; you have been my monitor
" on many occaſions; pray continue to
" execute this office in future.

" The Iriſh are a brave, generous,
" and hoſpitable people; the great ones
" are ſomewhat proud and haughty to
" their inferiors, valuing themſelves on
" the antiquity of their families; ſome of
" which, I believe, they can trace to
" Noah at leaſt, I know not how much
" farther: for I cannot tell how it ſhould
" come to paſs, that Ireland ſhould be
" inhabited before England and Scot-
" land.

" The Iriſh ladies are very hand-
" ſome; and they have an air of eaſe
" and freedom that is very captivating.
" Oh, Charles, my liberty is in jeopardy;
" there is only one ſhield of defence;
" I like half a dozen of them ſo equal-
" ly, that I cannot fix my wandering
" heart ſo as to give a decided prefer-
" ence. Do not tell your good mo-
" ther of my wavering and irreſolution;
" ſhe would think I was unworthy of
" any

" any of them, and perhaps judge " rightly.

" Here are the deſcendants of many " ancient and noble families, well known " in England. The deſcendants of " Hubert de Burgh, a brave and noble " fellow, and a great favorite of King " John. He was alſo one of the many " inſtances of the miſuſe of power, " and a proof that few men are to be " truſted with it.

" His deſcendants are Earls of Clan- " rickard, but there are many collateral " branches of the ſame tree, and they " have corrupted the name to Burke, " which I do not like near ſo well.

" Here are alſo the deſcendants of In- " gelram de Courcy, who was a right " good knight errant of the true ſtamp. " He was born a baron of France and " England ;

" England; was knighted in the field " by our great King Edward III. and " was proud to be diſtinguiſhed as a " knight-banneret, rather than as a noble- " man.

" This Sir Ingelram de Courcy " fell in love with the King's fair " daughter Iſabel; after many trials " and difficulties, he married her; " for the Plantagenets did not think " their blood too ſacred to be mixed " with that of their own nobles; the " King married another daughter to " John Haſtings, Earl of Pembroke. " Now the acts and atchievements of " the aforeſaid Sir Ingelram de Cour- " cy, behold, they are written in the " Chronicles of Holingſhead, Froi- " ſart, and other old writers. We " have alſo the Fitzgeralds, Earls of " Leinſter.

"I was mentioning theſe recorded
"and reſpected names to an old gen-
"tleman who is very good to me; and
"he took me up very ſhort, and told
"me all theſe names were modern, and
"not to be compared with the real old
"Iriſh families. Theſe, ſaid he, are
"reſpected all over Europe, and receiv-
"ed as nobility every where but in
"their own country. They are known
"by the O prefixed to their names,
"which is equivalent to a title. Such
"are, O'Neal, O'Brien, O'Connor,
"O'Reilly, O'Donnel, O'Shawnaſy,
"O'Rourke, O'Callaghan, and many
"others. All theſe are deſcended
"from the ancient kings and princes
"of Ireland.

"I bowed with all humility to my
"venerable intelligencer, and confeſſed
"my ignorance of the Iriſh chronicles.

"I ſhall

" I ſhall in future pay due reſpect to
" theſe ancient names; in the mean
" time, I ſhall converſe with agreeable
" people, with modern ones; many of
" which are particularly pleaſant to me,
" and they run off the tongue glibly and
" readily.

" I have ſeen the eſtate my father
" reſigns to me; I like it very much;
" there is a good old houſe upon it, in an
" agreeable country, and a good neigh-
" bourhood: I wiſh you were here,
" to go over it with me, and give
" your opinion of my intended altera-
" tions. I am afraid to aſk Mrs. Creſ-
" field to ſpare you to me, and yet if I
" was to propoſe one condition, ſhe would
" do it readily. I propoſe that you ſhall
" carry her a daughter from this coun-
" try. Now, do not look grave upon
" it; come and ſee our girls before you
" give yourſelf airs, I pray you; I will

" match them with any we have ſeen in " Italy, yea, or in Europe.

" Let me hear from you as frequently " as you can. Commend me to your " excellent mother, and ſay that I de- " pend upon her prayers and good wiſhes, " and that I am your's and her unalter- " able friend and ſervant,

" E. F. AUDLEY."

Mrs. Cresfield was very deſirous to ſee Mr. Audley's letter to her ſon. After ſome ſcruples, and ſome evaſions, he conſented to gratify her curioſity. She read the letter with attention, and returned it, ſaying, I thank you, Sir, for this indulgence: I love Mr. Audley more and more; he endeavours to promote the firſt wiſh of my heart, and he engages mine in his behalf; he ſhall be to me as another ſon.

And

And would you, Madam, conſent to his propoſal?

She ſhook her head, and ſighed. Oh, Charles! you have prohibited my ſpeaking on this ſubject every time I have attempted it.

For this reaſon you will not anſwer my queſtion?

Yes, I will, upon condition I may aſk a queſtion in return.

You ſhall aſk me any queſtion you pleaſe, Madam.

Why, then, I do not conſent to Mr. Audley's propoſal. Surely England can furniſh an Engliſhman with a wife.

Perhaps not. Have you the ſame objection to a Scottiſh lady?

You run me hard; I had rather it was an Engliſh one.

This is a ſtrong prejudice, but it is a pardonable one. I ſuppoſe you would have ſtill greater objections to a French, a German, or an Italian one.

I certainly ſhould. God forbid you ſhould think of either!

I honour your ſincerity, though at the expence of your candour.

And now, my Charles, you muſt allow of my queſtion. Methinks we are playing at queſtions and commands; which will you have?

Queſtions, Madam, rather than commands.

Is there not ſomewhere a lady who keeps you a ſingle man?

Perhaps

Perhaps there is, Madam.

Is ſhe an Engliſhwoman or a foreigner?

She is not an Engliſhwoman.

Is ſhe a woman of good birth, character, and fortune?

She is all theſe, Madam.

Why do you not truſt your affectionate mother with the whole ſtory?

Becauſe it would give her pain; if it would give her pleaſure, I would communicate it immediately. And now, my dear mother, I have anſwered your three queſtions, which I hope will ſatisfy you, in return for only one that I put to you.

How can I be ſatisfied when I am kept in ignorance of what it moſt concerns me to know? Oh, Charles, were you a parent!—

I ſhould think as you do. Come, my dear mother, do not let this ſubject affect you; I will look over my journal, and ſee how far I am bound to ſecrecy, and what I am at liberty to reveal; you ſhall be the judge of my honour and integrity. After dinner we will ſpeak further upon this ſubject; but let me ſee you look cheerfully and kindly.

Mrs. Cresfield extended her hand to her ſon; but her eyes ſwam with tears, and ſhe remained ſilent. He kiſſed her hand, and withdrew; and they met not again till the bell rung for dinner.

After the ſervants were withdrawn, he drew a roll of papers from his pocket,

pocket, and began to ſpeak as follows:

I have been involved in many difficulties how to break this matter to my dear mother; it has coſt me much pain to refuſe her any thing, and yet I knew not how to reveal my ſecret; I have not looked over my journal ſince I returned to England; but upon my reading the moſt intereſting part of it ſince I left you this morning, I find I have a diſcretionary power to tell my parents only, and to them only in particular exigencies, an adventure that has given me infinite pain and anxiety of mind, and which I was bound by a ſolemn oath not to reveal.

My dear ſon, ſtop there; if you are bound by an oath not to reveal it, Heaven forbid that I ſhould urge you to it.

I will read to you, Madam, the clauſe that gives me the liberty to diſcloſe to you what I am bound to conceal from others.

" 1. You are to preſerve the ſtricteſt " ſecreſy with reſpect to this adventure, " during the time you ſtay in Italy; " yet we ſhall allow you, after you are " returned to England, to impart it to " your parents only, under the ſame in- " junctions of ſecreſy, and only in par- " ticular caſes."

Now, I look upon the preſent as one of theſe particular caſes that are provided for in this clauſe, and that I am at full liberty to ſatisfy my dear mother's curioſity.

It is plain and clear that you may do ſo; and, Oh, Charles! you have raiſed my curioſity to a degree that is painful; yet I will not call it impertinent, be-

cauſe

cauſe the fate of my ſon is involved in it.

Charles read the ſtory of his adventure at Venice; he told her in general terms the hiſtory of the old gentleman, and that being inſulted by his preſumptive heirs, he was induced to reſolve on a ſecond marriage. He was more particular in reſpect to his own part of the ſtory, and he told his mother ſome circumſtances that were omitted in his journal. I would not, ſaid he, commit them to paper, becauſe it was poſſible that they might fall into improper hands; but to you, my dear mother, I will communicate every thing.

The ſecond night that I ſpent with that dear woman, ſhe was deſirous to inform me of many particulars in her ſituation; ſhe was anxious to engage my eſteem, for ſhe could not bear that I ſhould think her a looſe and unprincipled

woman. She lamented with many tears her being ſacrificed by her parents to a man old enough to be her grandfather, and by him given up to another, to procure an heir to his inheritance. The only way ſhe could make her mind eaſy, was by looking upon me as her huſband, and the old ſenator as her guardian only. It was my part to ſay every thing that could reconcile her to her ſituation, which I did. We mutually lamented the neceſſity of our immediate ſeparation, and the dangers attending my longer ſtay at Venice. When I was ſummoned to riſe, ſhe was in an agony of grief; begged me only to ſtay long enough to anſwer her one queſtion: Was ſhe free, and I unmarried, would I marry her? I anſwered, without heſitation, that I would. She then put a ring on my finger, and ſaid, I marry you with this ring, and you are mine in the ſight of heaven; though it is highly improbable, it is not impoſſible that we

may

may meet again; I ſhall make it my conſtant wiſh and prayer. Our parting was very tender and affecting; and the major-domo obſerved that I was greatly dejected the whole day afterwards.

Mrs. Cresfield was very much ſurpriſed and diſpleaſed at this ſtory; ſhe began to make remarks and moral inferences upon it.

Her ſon begged her to defer them, and to let him finiſh his tale. He told her all the remaining particulars, and all that had happened ſince his return to England, and finally gave her the letter he received from the Venetian reſident: he then deſired her to make her own reflections upon the whole, and not to be too ſevere upon the paſt, but to confine her advice to the future; that he had already ſuffered deeply, and wanted to be comforted and ſtrengthened by kind and lenient medicines. He then left the

the room, and did not return to ſupper; he felt himſelf humiliated by this confeſſion, and leſſened in his mother's eſteem.

The next morning, when they met at the breakfaſt-table, Mr. Cresfield appeared dejected and confuſed; his mother perceived it, and found it neceſſary to raiſe and encourage him: ſhe ſaid, I am ſorry, my dear, that I have extorted a painful confeſſion from you. I wiſh you to think me your beſt friend; and as ſuch, beg you will put confidence in me. I will ſay no more at preſent on this ſubject; I will wait till you mention it to me; and if you wiſh it, it ſhall be as if I had never heard it.

He roſe, and embraced her; with tears on both ſides. She begged him to take care of his health, and to take an airing on horſeback. He promiſed to obey her commands, and they met

no more till dinner. Afterwards they fell into chat, and Charles himſelf began the ſubject.

Let me aſſure you, Madam, that I have never uttered a word to any one of my Venetian adventure. I have ſtood a thouſand attacks from Mr. Audley, and all kinds of raillery; but to no purpoſe. I had predetermined that if ever I ſhould diſcloſe it, it ſhould be to you only: I really doubted whether I was at liberty to tell it to you; for it gave me pain to look over my journal, and I had not done it a great while; though the moſt intereſting circumſtances were always preſent to my memory.

I thank you, Sir, for the communication, though it has given me, perhaps, as much pain as you; for it throws my wiſhes and hopes to a great

diſtance, or rather overthrows them entirely.

You are very kind in your maternal and affectionate ſolicitude for my marriage: you had, beſide, a right to call upon me, and to urge me upon the ſubject; and it gave me great pain to put it aſide.

But now, my dear ſon, permit me to aſk what hope remains for me?

Alas, my dear mother! I know not how to anſwer you; however, I will tell you my preſent determination.—I will make another journey to Italy; I will inquire after the lady with the ſtricteſt aſſiduity: if I find that ſhe is ſtill a wife to the old ſenator, and ſome other circumſtances that my heart ſuggeſts, I will return at a certain time, which you ſhall know. If I find her a widow, I will

will endeavour to bring you home a daughter.

Alas, my ſon! what dangers will you then expoſe yourſelf to?

To avoid them all, I will be *incognito*. I will ſhave my head, and put on a dark wig, colour my eyebrows, and dreſs like an Italian: perhaps even this may be needleſs; for as they know I returned to England, and have even written to me in London, they will never ſuſpect my being at Venice. I value my ſafety the more for the partiality of my dear mother; and for her ſake I will avoid dangers of every kind.

Ah! this will not take away my fears for you: beſide, it is yet too early to ſhew yourſelf in Venice; you will certainly be known.

I agree

I agree with you, Madam, in this point. It is not my intention to go at preſent. I ſhall expect to hear of them annually; and I keep that channel open, that I may gain ſome kind of intelligence.

I depend you will not go without letting me know it?

I give you my word and honour that I will not.

Then I will make myſelf as eaſy as I can, in the mean time.

Then you will make me as happy as I can be in my preſent ſituation.

Here they concluded the ſubject, and neither of them renewed it for a long time after. Mrs. Cresfield, though full of anxiety on her ſon's account, was yet ſatisfied with the frankneſs of his con-

feſſion, and the confidence he had placed in her.

Mrs. Cresfield gave up all her expectations upon the ladies in her neighbourhood.

From this time Mrs. Cresfield forbore to urge her ſon upon the ſubject of marriage; ſhe perceived it was painful to him, and left it to time to bring forward, what was out of the reach of her power and influence. Some weeks after came a ſecond letter from Mr. Audley as follows:

The Hon. E. F. Audley to Charles Cresfield Eſq.

"Your letter, my dear friend, was "not exactly ſuch an one as I had ex- "pected from you. What though you "are in the country, and in a very "limited circle, as you ſay in excuſe

"for

" for your brevity, you have the book " of nature open before you; and you " have a fund of knowledge of various " kinds in the resources of your own " mind: you can draw from these " fountains, and fear not their being " exhausted. You are short, dry, and " reserved with me. Oh that I had " you here! I would bring you ac- " quainted with a set of lively com- " panions, that would raise your spirits " and open your heart.

" I was always open and communi- " cative to you, and you shall always " find me so. I have been on an ex- " cursion to the northern part of Ire- " land, and have visited one of the " wonders of nature.

" In the county of Antrim, about " eight miles north-east from Coleraine, " is that miracle of nature or art, (for

" that

" that point is not yet decided,) called
" the Giants Cauſeway.

" It conſiſts of upwards of thirty
" thouſand pillars, moſtly in a perpen-
" dicular ſituation. This Cauſeway runs
" from the bottom of a hill very far
" into the ſea. At low water it reaches
" upwards of ſix hundred feet, and
" probably much further; for there is
" ſomething ſimilar obſerved on the
" oppoſite coaſt of Scotland.

" Theſe uncommon pillars are of
" different dimenſions, being from ſix-
" teen to thirty-ſix feet in height; and
" they vary in circumference. Their
" figure is generally pentagonal, or
" hexagonal; ſome have been found
" with ſeven ſides; and a few with
" three, four, and eight ſides; they
" are alſo of irregular ſizes. Every
" pillar conſiſts of joints and pieces,
" which are not united by flat ſurfaces;

" for

" for on being forcibly divided, one
" part is convex in the middle, and the
" other concave; many of theſe joints
" thus ſeparated, lie looſe upon the
" ſtrand. The ſtone is a kind of
" baſaltes, of a cloſe grit, and a duſky
" hue; it is very heavy, every joint
" weighing from two to three hundred
" pounds weight. It clinks like iron,
" melts in a forge, breaks ſharp, and,
" by reaſon of its extreme hardneſs,
" blunts the edges of tools, and by
" that means is rendered incapable of
" being uſed in building. Theſe pil-
" lars ſtand very cloſe to each other;
" and though they differ in the number
" of their ſides, yet their contextures
" are ſo nicely adapted, as to leave no
" vacuity between them; and every
" pillar retains its own thickneſs, angles,
" and ſides from top to bottom. Theſe
" kind of columns are continued, with
" ſome interruptions, for near two
" miles along the ſhore. By its mag-
" nitude,

" nitude, and uncommon appearance,
" it forms a rare and ſurpriſing object:
" it is viſited by all ſtrangers, who have
" either taſte or curioſity, who come to
" ſee that part of Ireland.

" I have made my ſervant tranſcribe
" this account for you; and I deſire
" you to preſerve it, in caſe I ſhould
" loſe my own copy. When I return
" to Dublin you ſhall hear again from,
" Your's, ſincerely and affectionately,
" E. F. AUDLEY."

Mr. Cresfield, unaſked, gave this letter to his mother to read; ſhe thanked him for the communication, but ſaid ſhe ſhould be afraid of being inquiſitive in future, ſince the gratifying her curioſity had given ſo much pain to them both. He deſired her to read it without ſcruple; and to be aſſured that he had no reſerves to the beſt of mothers.

thers. After reading it, ſhe ſaid, I no longer wiſh my ſon to be confined at home, which only indulges his melancholy reflections. I now adviſe and deſire that you will give Mr. Audley your company as he requeſts; and that as ſoon as may be convenient to you.

I thank you, my dear Madam, for this permiſſion, he replied; but I have made up my mind on this ſubject. I deſign to remain here till after Chriſtmas; when I purpoſe to ſpend a few weeks in London. With your leave, I will take Edward in my hand, and ſhew him the capital of his country. I will do the office of a governor; ſhew him the world, and warn him of the dangers of it; and by practiſing moderation in the enjoyments of it, ſhew him that it is eaſy to do ſo. I will then attend him to Oxford, and enter him there. When the ſpring comes forward,

ward, and the Equinox is paſt, I will croſs the Iriſh ſea, viſit my friend Audley, and his friends. If he returns in the autumn, which I ſuppoſe and expect, I ſhall return with him; if he ſtays the winter, I ſhall return alone. This, Madam, is my plan; and I hope you will approve it.

I cannot poſſibly object to it, Sir; I can only requeſt that I may hear from you as often as your leiſure will permit.

That you may depend upon; it is equally my duty and inclination; but I will not name any limited time, leſt you ſhould be uneaſy if you do not hear ſo often as you expect; but you ſhall have no cauſe to complain of me.

I thank you, my dear ſon. I know your affection and duty; and I rely on them implicitly.

Mr. Cresfield, by his mother's desire, made an excursion into Wales in the autumn; he was absent about two months, and in that space wrote every week to his mother; at his return, he found another letter from Mr. Audley.

The Hon. E. F. Audley, to Charles Cresfield, Esq.

"My dear Friend,

"I promised that you should hear "from me again, when I should be re- "turned to Dublin. After a delightful "excursion of five weeks, during which "I have been entertained with the beau- "ties of nature, and the wonders of art, "here I am at your service. Whether "I am returned in perfect health and "safety, I cannot tell.

"I am not sick unless it be in mind,
"Nor well unless in mind; my letter here
"Must show you my estate."

Shakespeare.

"In

" In ſhort, I feel a ſtrange ſort of va-
" cancy ſomewhere, and yet I feel a re-
" luctance to trace it to its real ſource. It
" muſt come, however. Oh, Charles! I
" have ſeen beauties of nature, and one
" ſuperior to all others.

" Oh! woman, lovely woman! nature made you
" To bleſs mankind; we had been brutes with-
" out you;
" There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
" Amazing brightneſs, purity, and truth,
" Immortal joys, and everlaſting love."

OTWAY.

" Oh, Charles! I have ſeen ſuch a
" woman as I cannot deſcribe, though
" I wear her image in my heart. It is
" not one of the half dozen I mentioned
" to you in a former letter, but one
" greatly ſuperior to them all. Having
" given vent to the emotions of my
" heart, I will endeavour to give you a
" rational account of my adventures du-
" ring my late excurſion.

" My friends Forteſcue, Beresford, and " Malone ſhewed me many curious and " beautiful places. They perſuaded me " to go on further and further, and ſtill " further, till at length they confeſſed " their deſign to proceed to the port of " Carrickfergus, where they hoped to " meet with a very dear friend, whom " they had long expected from the Le- " vant. He had travelled over Aſia, " had viſited Syria, Paleſtine, and " Egypt; and embarking at Alexan- " dria, arrived ſafely at Conſtantinople. " There he met with a young gentle- " man, his friend and countryman, who " after many misfortunes, was a ſlave " to an officer in the Turkiſh court; he " was the ſon and heir of a gentleman " of family and fortune. He ranſomed " him immediately, without heſitation; " but he requeſted him to ranſom " a fellow priſoner, and a countryman " alſo. This reduced them to ſome " difficulties, and they were obliged to

" apply

" apply to the Britiſh ambaſſador at the
" Ottoman Porte. They made him
" acquainted with their names and ſitu-
" ation, and were aſſiſted, and enabled to
" return to England, which they took
" the firſt opportunity of doing, in a
" a merchant ſhip bound to London.

" Here money grew ſcanty, and
" the adventurers determined to walk
" acroſs the country to Holyhead,
" and embark there for Ireland. They
" miſtook their way, and wandered to
" Liverpool. There they fortunately
" found a trading ſhip, ready to ſail in
" the courſe of a few days to Carrick-
" fergus. They wrote to their friends
" before they embarked, and aſked Mr.
" Beresford to meet them at the port,
" and to their families to expect them.
" Their voyage was delayed by winds
" and ſtorms, but they landed ſafely the
" ſame day we arrived.

" Great was the joy at this meeting,
" and I partook of it. Young Fitzge-
" rald was the hero of the ſtory, Arch-
" dale his fellow priſoner, and O'Don-
" nel the youth they delivered from ſla-
" very. We ſpent a happy evening to-
" gether at the inn, and the next morn-
" ing we conſulted on our future jour-
" ney. Beresford urged them to pro-
" ceed with him to Dublin, but Fitzge-
" rald would not hear of it. He in-
" ſiſted on our accompanying him to
" his father's ſeat, who was impatient to
" ſee his ſon whom he had lamented
" as loſt. This could not be oppoſed,
" ſo we ſet out directly for the ſeat of
" Sir Maurice Fitzgerald.

" In our way, the young man gave
" me an account of his family; Sir
" Maurice was of an ancient and ho-
" nourable houſe, and of a handſome
" fortune; but having a numerous off-
" ſpring, ſix ſons and four daughters,

" he

" he lived in the country, farmed one
" of his own eſtates, and practiſed eco-
" nomy, in order to furniſh out his ſons
" in reſpectable profeſſions, and lay by
" fortunes for his daughters. Young
" Maurice ſpoke highly of his mother;
" and of his ſiſters with the tender par-
" tiality of a brother; he ſaid they were
" charming girls, and as good as they
" were lovely. Beresford ordered his
" ſervant to go forward to give notice
" to the family of our approach; we
" followed at a ſlower rate, till we
" ſaw the whole family at the door
" waiting for us.

" The good baronet and his lady re-
" ceived their ſon in tranſports of joy,
" interrupted by frequent ejaculations
" of gratitude to Heaven for his pre-
" ſervation and return. After this was
" over, Beresford introduced all the
" reſt to Sir Maurice, who gave us
" a moſt cordial welcome. He told

" the hiſtory of young Fitzgerald's ad-
" ventures at Conſtantinople, fearing
" that his modeſty would not do juſtice
" to his merit.

" The old gentleman exclaimed,
" Thank God! my boy is worthy of
" the race he ſprang from. Oh! my ſon;
" you have made friends for your life;
" they can never forget their obligations
" to you! The money is well employ-
" ed; it is put out to intereſt in a place
" where good deeds are recorded; and
" it will reckon among the liſt of your
" good actions.

" The captives were profuſe in their
" acknowledgments, while young Fitz-
" gerald was confuſed and diſtreſſed at
" the praiſes he had ſo well deſerved.
" Sir Maurice promiſed to diſcharge
" the debts he had contracted, and to
" increaſe his allowance in future.

" After

"After theſe congratulations were over,
"the company were conducted into the
"drawing room, where three charming
"young ladies waited to receive them.
"They came forward and embraced
"their brother, while tears of joy
"were the teſtimonies of their affection.

"Sir Maurice called out, Harkee,
"girls! here are more ſtrangers to be
"welcomed; and, in faith, they ſhall all
"ſalute you. This is Mr. Archdale,
"your brother's fellow priſoner; this is
"Mr. O'Donnel another captive; your
"noble brother redeemed them both.
"This is Mr. Audley, the ſon of Lord
"Audley, who went with Mr. Bereſ-
"ford and Mr. Forteſcue, and attend-
"ed your brother at Carrickfergus.
"Mr. Malone is, I hope, always at
"home here.

"You may believe we eagerly ac-
"cepted his permiſſion to ſalute the la-

" dies, and in half an hour we were
" as well acquainted as if we had
" known each other from our cradles.

" The ladies are all handſome and
" amiable; but the middle one as
" much ſurpaſſes the reſt, as they
" do the reſt of the ſex. I cannot
" forget that I have held her in my
" arms, and I am impatient to have her
" there again. I have diſcovered that
" Beresford loves the eldeſt, and I am
" full of anxiety leſt another man ſhould
" ſtep between me and my happineſs.

" I ſpent ſeveral days delightfully,
" and left the houſe reluctantly. Du-
" ring my ſtay, I made a friendſhip
" with young Fitzgerald, which I hope
" will laſt during our lives. He is an
" excellent young man, virtuous, brave,
" generous; with a ſoul capable of
" friendſhip. Now do not you be jealous
" of my regard for him; Charles has

" ſtill

" ſtill the firſt place in my heart,
" Maurice only the ſecond; you muſt
" ſee and love each other, and the band
" of friendſhip ſhall unite us all.

" I have not declared my paſſion for
" the charming Emilia yet, except by
" my eyes; her's fell under them, and
" if they did not anſwer, at leaſt they
" did not deny: lovers, like angels, con-
" verſe by intuition. Are not you of
" this opinion? Perhaps not; for I once
" ſaw you paying homage to a picture,
" and fearing it was not the reſem-
" blance of your Dulcinea;—ſtrange
" and inexplicable circumſtance!

" You will be angry if I ſay any
" more on this ſubject; yet you ſhall
" confeſs that I am the moſt open-heart-
" ed fellow, and cannot withhold any
" thing from you, however reſerved you
" are to me.

" The day after my return to Dub-
" lin, I wrote to my father, telling him
" the hiſtory of my excurſion, and all
" that I knew of Sir Maurice's family
" and fortune, and aſking his permiſſion
" to offer my hand and heart to the
" divine Emilia. He deſerves this proof
" of my duty and filial affection; he de-
" ſerves ſuch a daughter as I hope to
" carry him.

" I have queſtioned Beresford, till he
" challenged me for a lover, and then
" laughed at me; he bad me wait till
" I had ſeen the youngeſt daughter, who
" promiſed to be handſomer than all
" the reſt. I told him, if there were
" twenty of them it would make no
" difference to me; that my choice
" was made, and I was fixed for life.

" Young Fitzgerald is expected in
" Dublin ſhortly; I hope to have an
" anſwer

" anſwer from my Lord in the mean
" time; in that caſe, I ſet off directly
" on the wings of love and impatience,
" to F——. Will you come over to my
" wedding or no? If you will not, I will
" quarrel with you, and give the firſt
" place in my heart to Maurice. Pre-
" ſent my reſpects to dear Mrs. Cres-
" field, and tell her I hope to reap the
" benefit of her wiſhes and prayers for
" me; and I beſeech her to continue
" them for me, and all thoſe I love.

" You are a reſerved, diſtant, and
" good-for-nothing fellow; but ſtill
" I love you, and call myſelf your
" friend and brother,

" E. F. AUDLEY."

Mr. Cresfield communicated the contents of this letter to his mother without reſerve; they rejoiced over Audley's happy proſpects with a ſigh, from the recollection

recollection of the obſtructions to their own.

Mr. Cresfield anſwered this letter ſoon after. As it contained little but what is already known to the Reader, we ſhall not tranſcribe it; in the concluſion, after marking out his plan for the approaching winter, he promiſed to viſit Ireland in the following ſummer, unleſs Mr. Audley prevented him by his return; and expreſſed an ardent wiſh to be preſent at his nuptials.

He then proceeded to realize the plan he had laid down. He made an excurſion to Lord Audley's ſeat in Hampſhire, and rejoiced with the family on the proſpect of Mr. Audley's marriage. He learned that my Lord had given his conſent in the warmeſt manner, and that his friend had made his offer, and had not been refuſed. He returned home in time

time to receive his brother Edward; and ſpent his Chriſtmas in the boſom of his family, with his neighbours and friends. He made preparations for going to London with Edward, and invited his mother and aunt to accompany them; the old lady declined the offer, and went to her own ſeat to receive her tenants and neighbours; but Mrs. Cresfield conſented to go with her ſons to make a viſit to the capital.

They went firſt to lodgings; but as ſoon as Lord Audley came to his houſe in town, he inſiſted on their reſiding with him. They were happy in the friendſhip of this noble family; and Mrs. Cresfield inſiſted on the ladies returning her viſit in the ſummer. They partook of the winter amuſements with prudence and moderation; and the Cresfields attended the ladies to the public places. Young Edward was ſhewn every thing that could give him

him pleaſure and information, and warned againſt the dangers that attend unwary youth without a guide. During their reſidence in London, a note was ſent to Lord Audley's, deſiring a direction to Don Carlo Cresfiello, the friend of the Cavalier d'Audley. It was anſwered, that the ſame gentleman now reſided at Lord Audley's.

The day following a cheſt was ſent, and a letter with it. Mr. Cresfield opened the letter with ſome impatience.

" Cavalier Ingleſe,—All is well.—
" The major-domo ſalutes you, and
" begs your acceptance of ſome cordial
" reſtoratives for the malady to which
" your countrymen are ſubject. Hea-
" ven preſerve you in health and ſpi-
" rits!

" G. R. J."

Cresfield

Cresfield concluded that the old ſenator was living, and the family in the ſame ſtate in which he left it. There was alſo a draft for a thouſand pounds as before. This he returned to the Venetian Reſident, with a note:

"The Engliſh Cavalier returns the "draft to his good friends at Venice "with acknowledgments. By the death "of his father and elder brother, he has "ſucceeded to a large fortune, and can-"not be any longer expenſive to his "friends. The wine is accepted, with "thanks to the donor.

"C. C."

Mr. Cresfield ſhowed this letter to his mother, and told her the inference he drew from it. She was rejoiced at it, thinking it would put aſide all thoughts of returning to Italy; at leaſt for the preſent.

In

In the month of March Mrs. Creſfield propoſed to return home. She was invited and perſuaded by Lord Audley and his daughters to prolong her ſtay in town, but excuſed herſelf as having promiſed to viſit her good aunt, and carry her home with her.

The young gentlemen were urged to ſtay longer; but they would on no account ſuffer their mother to depart without them.

Their parting was affectionate and grateful, and with promiſes of returning the viſit by the Audleys.

While they were on their journey, Mrs. Cresfield ſeemed abſorbed in thought. Her ſon aſked her the ſubject of her cogitations.

Ah, Charles! I was thinking how happy I might be, to call one of thoſe accom-

accompliſhed young ladies by the dear name of daughter. Why cannot this be done?

Becauſe I look upon myſelf as engaged in honour and in conſcience; you know why.

She ſaw grief and reſerve ſit upon her ſon's brow, and was ſilent during the remainder of the journey.

Mrs. Urſula Wortham was rejoiced at their arrival; ſhe inſiſted on their ſtaying a week with her; at the end of which ſhe returned with them to Cresfield Hall. Here Charles ſtaid no longer than while preparations were made for a longer excurſion. After taking a moſt tender farewel of his mother and her aunt, he went with his brother Edward to Oxford, and entered him a ſtudent of Magdalen College there.

He

He recommended him to the protection and care of ſome gentlemen who had been his friends before; and after a ſhort ſtay, ſet off with a faithful ſervant for his new expedition.

They went through Worceſterſhire, then through North Wales, and to Holhyead, as being the ſhorteſt and moſt direct paſſage to Dublin. He had written from Oxford to Mr. Audley, and he was expecting impatiently his arrival. He had a rough paſſage, and ſtormy; but arrived ſafely. As ſoon as he was in poſſeſſion of materials, he ſat down and wrote to his beloved mother as follows:

" Dublin.

" Before I give notice to Mr. Aud-
" ley of my arrival, I acquaint my dear
" mother that I am in health and
" ſafety. We had a rough paſſage,
" and ſomewhat ſtormy. I had a great
" deſire

" desire to see a storm at sea, which is
" certainly one of the grandest objects
" that nature exhibits: but they tell
" me this was not a great one; I
" thought it sufficiently so. I will
" not alarm you with the description;
" it is over, and your son is safe and
" well. Take care of your health, if
" you love me; and be assured of my
" constant duty and affection to the best
" of mothers.

" CHARLES CRESFIELD."

Within a month Mrs. Cresfield received a second letter from her son.

" Dublin, May.

" I have now the pleasure to tell my
" dear mother that I am well, easy,
" and quite at home here. Mr. Aud-
" ley had taken an handsome lodging,
" with a room designed for me, or any
" other friend whom he might wish

" to

" to accommodate. We lodge here lite-
" rally; for our days are ſpent abroad;
" except when my friend entertains
" company at home, in return for the
" hoſpitable reception he meets among
" his numerous friends and acquaint-
" ance.

" More than half our time is ſpent
" at Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's. That
" gentleman has brought his family to
" Dublin; he is very ſenſible of the
" honour and advantage of the pro-
" poſed alliance, and gives Mr. Audley
" the opportunity of viſiting his miſtreſs
" without taking a long journey. Aud-
" ley is really attached; and I think
" the lady is worthy of him. This
" family is truly reſpectable; I vene-
" rate the parents, and love their
" children. Young Maurice is brave,
" manly, and ſenſible; he is fond of
" travelling; and fears no dangers in
" any

" any purſuit his heart is ſet upon. The
" ſecond ſon is in the army, a captain
" of dragoons; the third, a lieutenant
" in the navy; the fourth, a cadet in
" India; the fifth, in one of the public
" offices in Dublin; the ſixth, at ſchool.
" The daughters are lovely and ami-
" able; Audley has not ſaid too much
" in their praiſe. Oh, my dear mo-
" ther! if my heart was not already
" mortgaged for its full value, I could
" be content to chooſe a wife here;
" but then you would look upon an
" Iriſh woman as a ſtranger and a
" foreigner, ſo let that paſs; but they
" are really charming young women.
" Arabella, the eldeſt, is engaged to
" Mr. Beresford, who is a very de-
" ſerving young man. Emilia, the
" ſecond, is the elected of our friend
" Audley; ſhe is handſomer than
" her ſiſter, and has more ſpirit,
" and more graces; but I am not
" certain that I like her better. I

" am

" am certain, however, that I like Con-
" ſtantia, the third lady, beſt of the
" three ſiſters; ſhe has that ſimplicity
" of manners, and ſteadineſs of mind,
" without which beauty itſelf has no
" charms for me: if I were to chooſe
" one of the lovely ſiſters, I ſhould
" fix on her; yes, I feel that I could
" love her. The fourth daughter, Je-
" mima, is a beautiful girl, twelve
" years old; and promiſes to equal any
" of her ſiſters. I am received here
" as Audley's firſt friend, and as a
" friend of the family.

" Mr. Audley's other friends are well
" choſen; perhaps you might think
" them too high-ſpirited; but they
" will be lowered in due time. Mr.
" Audley ſpeaks of my dear mother
" with the reſpect of a ſon; and deſires
" me to preſent his duty, with that of
" your own

" C. CRESFIELD."

Mrs. Cresfield anſwered her ſon's letter within a fortnight after ſhe received it. We think it worth tranſcribing:

" My dear Son,

" My heart thanks you for your dutiful and affectionate attentions to me, " in two letters, ſhewn in ſo ſhort a " time.

" The firſt, though ſhort, was moſt " welcome, as it informed me of your " ſafe arrival in Dublin, after a ſtormy " paſſage.

" The ſecond was very agreeable, as " it informed me of our friend's intended " alliance, and gave me particulars of " the family of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald. " I rejoice that Mr. Audley is ſo happily engaged and connected; aſſure " him of my continued wiſhes and prayers for him. Oh, my Charles, I wiſh " you were as ſuitably engaged, though

" it was to an Iriſh lady! I had much
" rather accept a daughter from Ireland
" than from Italy, and a Proteſtant ra-
" ther than a Catholic.

" Though you have ſaid nothing on
" this point, I am certain the Fitz-
" geralds muſt be a Proteſtant family,
" or Lord Audley would never have
" conſented to the alliance; it would be
" inexcuſable in him.

" I am no bigot, Charles; I would
" wiſh every man ſhould go to heaven his
" own way; that which he believes to
" be the beſt, that is the beſt way to
" him; but then he ſhould allow others
" the ſame liberty that he claims for
" himſelf. I do not hate any perſon as
" a Catholic, but I hate ſuperſtition
" and intolerance.

" Look over the chronicles of the
" Church of Rome; obſerve the uſe it
" made

" made of its power over the conſciences
" of princes and their people; remark
" on the Sicilian veſpers and the maſ-
" ſacre of St. Bartholomew; and never
" forget the reign of Queen Mary, nor
" the fires in Smithfield. It is true,
" that they can put on the appearance
" of humility, in order to carry a point,
" or to gain an advantage. Like the
" Phariſees of old, 'they will compaſs
" ſea and land to make a proſelyte;'
" 'they bind upon men heavy burdens
" grievous to be borne, but will not
" touch them with one of their fingers.'

" What chance does a Proteſtant
" huſband ſtand of happineſs with a
" Catholic wife? The lady muſt have
" a confeſſor, and a ſervant of her own
" church at leaſt; the firſt is the ruler
" of her conſcience, the latter the con-
" fidant of her ſecrets; both of them
" will be jealous of the huſband's in-
" fluence, and of his privileges. It ap-

" pears to me there can be no con-
" fidence on either ſide, and conſe-
" quently there can be no happineſs.

" It is ſtill worſe in the caſe of a
" Proteſtant woman married to a Ca-
" tholic huſband; urged and teaſed on
" all ſides, and by all methods, rough
" and ſmooth, ſhe finds no peace till
" ſhe is converted or perverted; and
" the ſpirit of intolerance, though di-
" rectly contrary to the ſpirit of the
" Goſpel, is uſed as an argument to com-
" pel her to take refuge in the Church
" of Rome, as the ſafeſt ſhelter for an
" oppreſſed conſcience.

" Upon the whole, it is the wiſeſt
" courſe for both ſexes to marry thoſe
" who are of the ſame church and agree
" in the ſame mode of worſhip, if they
" mean to maintain peace and unity in
" their families, and particularly in the
" education of their children.

" Don't

"Don't reply to this point immediately, my Charles; but bear it in mind on preſent and future occaſions, as a point of no ſmall conſequence.

"Excuſe me, my ſon, if I remind you of the omiſſion of a duty; you have not remembered my aunt in your two letters from Ireland; I have ſuppoſed your regards, and delivered them, for I could not bear that ſhe ſhould think herſelf forgotten, who has ſhewn herſelf ſo true a friend both to you and Edward. I incloſe a letter from our dear Edward, who requeſts you to anſwer it to him at Oxford. Adieu, my dear ſon! my wiſhes and prayers attend you conſtantly.

"E. Cresfield."

Mr. Cresfield wrote to his mother every month, and deſired to receive anſwers from her as punctually. We have given ſpecimens of both kinds. Some

of our readers might, perhaps, be gratified by the tranſcript of the reſt, while others would think them interruptions to the narrative. We ſhall therefore gather up the clue, and proceed with the ſtory.

Mr. Cresfield ſpent his ſummer very agreeably in Ireland; he made excurſions with his friends; they viſited Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's ſeat, Mr. Audley's, Mr. Beresford's, and others; but their head-quarters were at Dublin.

Mr. Audley wrote to his father, that his nuptials were to be celebrated in September. Sir Maurice invited Lord Audley and his daughters to be preſent at the ceremony. My Lord declined it, but requeſted that the new-married pair would come over to England as ſoon as poſſible afterwards, and that as many of the Fitzgeralds as could be ſpared would attend them. It was alſo

ſettled,

ſettled, that Mr. Beresford and the eldeſt lady were to be married on the ſame day; and great preparations were made for the double celebration. Mr. Cresfield informed his mother, that he propoſed to return with this happy company; that he ſhould come to viſit the Hall firſt, and then meet them in London: he told her, that he had enjoyed better health and ſpirits than he had for a long time paſt, and that he hoped to meet his mother and aunt in perfect health. The intermediate time was employed in preparing ſettlements by the parents, and by the young people in all the delights of love and friendſhip, and in the expectation of married happineſs. Cresfield partook of their pleaſures, but ſighed over his own proſpects.

The months rolled on in their uſual courſe, and brought forward the time appointed for fulfilling the lovers wiſhes. On the 5th day of September, the double

nuptials were celebrated, with the dignity becoming the families on that day united. The relations on all ſides were invited; and many of the firſt nobility and gentry honoured the feſtival with their preſence.

Mr. Audley was intoxicated with joy at the completion of his wiſhes; Mr. Beresford was more modeſt in his expreſſions of happineſs, but not leſs ardent and polite in his attentions.

Mr. Cresfield ſtrove to appear joyful on the occaſion; but he was reſerved, thoughtful, and abſtracted, and ſighed frequently. Audley obſerved him; he drew him apart from the company: Dear friend and brother of my heart, ſaid he, I wiſh you to ſhare my happineſs; I have for ſome time paſt ſeen, with much pleaſure, that your health and ſpirits have been reſtored; I have thought that the ladies of this family

were

were very much to your taſte; I have even fancied that you have looked at Conſtantia with an eye of partiality. Would to heaven it were ſo! you ſhould have my influence to its utmoſt extent; you would be happy yourſelf, and make Mrs. Cresfield ſo; we ſhould at laſt be brothers. What ſay you, my Charles?

Ah, no, no, no! I wiſh it were ſo, my friend; but my heart is engaged elſewhere.

Surely it can only be a temporary connexion; it cannot be for your whole life?

It is inexplicable, my dear friend; my conſcience as well as my heart is engaged. If I had thought myſelf at liberty, I could have liked Conſtantia above all the women I ever ſaw; this you muſt keep to yourſelf. I thank you for your affectionate ſolicitude for

me; but, "Oh, how bitter it is to "look into happineſs through another "man's eyes!" May your felicity be permanent! and may the charming Conſtantia meet with a virgin heart worthy of her own!

You forgive my ſolicitude, then? Let Mrs. Cresfield know that I remembered her on this ſolemn day.

She ſhall know it, and thank you for it. Let us return to the company.

They did ſo; and Mr. Cresfield gratified his friend by dancing with Conſtantia, and with the youngeſt ſiſter alſo. The company danced till a late hour; the feſtivities continued many days, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that Mr. Audley was permitted to fix the time for his departure to England. A large party was made to attend them; Audley invited and urged Mr. and Mrs. Beresford

Beresford to go with them; but Lady Fitzgerald intreated that ſhe might not be deprived of both her daughters at once; and they conſented to ſpend the winter with them, and to defer their viſit to Audley till the ſpring. Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, and Mr. Archdale his fellow captive and friend, Mr. Frank Beresford a younger brother, and his ſiſter Miſs Maria Beresford, Mr. Cresfield, and their reſpective attendants, completed the party.

They had a pleaſant and ſafe paſſage to Cheſter, from whence they travelled by eaſy ſtages to Worceſter, where they tarried two nights; from thence to Oxford, where they viſited Edward Creſfield; they ſtayed there three days, and then proceeded to ———.

Here Mr. Audley received letters from his father and ſiſters, adviſing the company to proceed to my Lord's ſeat

in Hampſhire, and to defer going to London till the winter was further advanced.

Here Mr. Cresfield left them, promiſing to meet them in London after Chriſtmas; he croſſed the country, and went to Cresfield hall, where he was joyfully received by his mother and aunt, and by all his ſervants, tenants, and neighbours.

Within a fortnight after his arrival, he received a letter from Mr. Audley, ſignifying, that the weather being uncommonly fine for the ſeaſon, he was reſolved to have a rural entertainment; begging, urging, inſiſting on Mr. Creſfield's coming over, if it was only for a night or two; and it was the general wiſh of all the company. He added, "I have invited the god Cupid to be "preſent, and charged him to bring his "bow and arrows, and ordered him to

"ſpeak

" ſpeak to Hymen to hold himſelf in rea-
" dineſs to attend the firſt ſummons. Per-
" haps this may be no inducement to you,
" but the contrary. After all, I am ſure
" you do not hate the ſex, though you
" ſhun marriage. Come, I charge you,
" or I will not forgive you, and ſpeedily."

Mr. Cresfield gave the letter to his mother, ſaying, You muſt read and decide for me, Madam.

Then you muſt go, Sir, and partake of the pleaſures of your friends; rural pleaſures are rational ones, and I wiſh Mr. Audley and his lady to preſerve a reliſh for them, in preference to thoſe of towns and cities.

The next morning, Mr. Cresfield ſet out on horſeback, promiſing that he would return home in three days, or otherwiſe he would write to his mother, and give reaſons for his ſtay.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cresfield obſerved with pleaſure, that both his health and ſpirits were greatly amended by his late excurſion; and ſhe determined to encourage him to purſue ſuch amuſements as ſhould divert his mind from thinking too deeply.

At the end of three days, Mr. Creſfield's ſervant brought a letter to the Hall:

" My dear Mother,

" I am detained almoſt by compul-
" ſion, and obliged to finiſh the week
" before I am allowed to return home.

" We have had a very agreeable en-
" tertainment yeſterday, an artificial
" ſheep-ſhearing; our ſhepherds and
" ſhepherdeſſes were rather like Arca-
" dian than Engliſh ones, or rather
" they were ideal ones; for never were
" there ſuch exiſting, except in Sir

" Philip Sidney's Arcadia, to which I
" refer you for the compariſon.

" Audley ſaid, that he had invited
" the god Cupid, which I looked on
" as a metaphor, or elſe an enigma;
" but the metaphor was realized, the
" enigma was explained. It was a moon-
" light night, the ſun was below the
" horizon, when ſuddenly our eyes were
" directed to a wonderful appearance in
" the air; as it came nearer, it exhi-
" bited a beautiful boy, with the attri-
" butes of Cupid. It was a paper kite,
" exceedingly well managed; and the
" effect was better than you can ſup-
" poſe. The ladies were warned of the
" approaching danger; and all the com-
" pany ſhewed as much wit and gal-
" lantry as they were endowed with.
" Every one ſtrove to pleaſe and to be
" pleaſed; and when that is the caſe,
" they cannot fail of ſucceſs.

" To-

" To-night the garden is to be lighted
" up in imitation of Vauxhall, and fire-
" works are to be exhibited: in ſhort,
" our amuſements are varied every day,
" and Lord Audley ſeems to enjoy them
" as much as any of the young people.

" The enigma is next to be explained.
" Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald is paying
" his devoirs to Miſs Audley, and is
" encouraged by her father and bro-
" ther, and not diſcouraged by the fair
" lady: this is the order given by
" Cupid to Hymen, to hold himſelf in
" readineſs. The family ſeem at the
" height of earthly happineſs: May it
" long continue without interruption!
" They all unite in compliments and
" good wiſhes to my dear mother;
" Audley deſires to preſent his own ſe-
" parately. I will certainly be at home
" by the end of the week. Preſent my
" dutiful reſpects to my aunt, and accept

" them

" them as always the duty and inclina-
" tion of your affectionate ſon,
" CHARLES CRESFIELD."

Mrs. Cresfield ſent the following anſwer:

" Mrs. Cresfield requeſts that her
" dear ſon will not haſten his return on
" her account; it is ſufficient that ſhe
" knows he is well and happy; deſires
" him to return her reſpects to the fa-
" mily."

Mr. Cresfield returned home at the week's end, though urged to prolong his ſtay by all the family.

He expected his brother Edward from Oxford, and had deſired him to invite a gentleman whom he had known and eſteemed at college, and who was Edward's tutor and inſpector, by Mr. Creſfield's appointment.

They

They came within a week after his return: he found Edward greatly improved; and Mr. Berridge made himſelf ſo acceptable to the family, that he was intreated to ſtay at the Hall till Edward's return to college. During his ſtay, the rector of the pariſh died: Mr. Cresfield adviſed with his mother; he propoſed to preſent Mr. Berridge to the living, which would engage him to be the friend of the family, and of Edward in particular. Mrs. Cresfield wiſhed the living to be held for Edward, till he was of years to receive it; but Mr. Cresfield would not conſent to it: he thought it a ſhameful evaſion of a ſolemn oath, and a ſcandal to the Chriſtian profeſſion. The good lady acknowledged that it was ſo, and apologized for having mentioned it; ſhe conſented that Mr. Berridge ſhould be preſented to the living; and it was done within the proper time.

Mr.

Mr. Cresfield was gratified by providing for a worthy man, and having acquired an useful friend and neighbour, and one who would be his mother's counsellor during his absence; for he had determined to travel every summer, and to accustom his family to know and expect it.

He repaired and improved the parsonage-house, and made it a comfortable residence for Mr. Berridge; he engaged the widow of the late rector to be his house keeper; he caused the household-goods to be valued and purchased for the new rector; he assisted the widow in putting out her children; the eldest was bred a scholar, and was now fit to be sent to college, but the mother was not in circumstances to afford it; the second he put out to a trade; the two younger ones were sent to school; and the daughter (a child) he wished to remain with the mother.

Mr.

Mr. Berridge inſiſted that it ſhould be ſo, and would not receive any conſideration for the child's board and lodging.

Is it not a ſtrange infatuation, ſaid Mr. Cresfield to him, in men of your profeſſion to bring up their children to it, when they have no means nor proſpect of providing for them; when they muſt depend on caſual aſſiſtances for every thing? This poor youth is brought up with ideas of being a gentleman, diſqualified for a trade, and deſtitute of fortune and friends.

I think not, replied Mr. Berridge ſmiling; I foreſee that he will find a friend and patron.

You gueſs rightly; but yet I am under ſome difficulties. If I ſend young Harmer to college with Edward, he becomes his friend and companion; he will

will aſpire to keep the ſame company, and to bear the ſame expences; he will have the ideas of a gentleman, with the pay of a mechanic. Adviſe me, Berridge, how to act for him.

Sir, you are equally generous and prudent; I will give you the beſt advice in my power; the medium will be to ſend this young man as a ſervitor to Oxford; I am a fellow of Magdalen College, and have ſome little intereſt there; I will endeavour to get him an exhibition there, and ſhall be happy to give him every aſſiſtance in my power; adviſing him at the ſame time to make the beſt uſe of his time there, and aſſuring him that he muſt depend upon his own application and diligence.

I thank you, Berridge; you have put me in the right way; but the young man ſhall be enabled to do whatever is neceſſary;

neceſſary; he ſhall be ſupported as becomes a ſcholar.

There can be no doubt of your generoſity and kindneſs, Sir; but it will be right that his income ſhould be limited, and that he muſt refrain from all ſuperfluous expences. If you will entruſt me with the power of directing and adviſing him, I will uſe it for his ſervice, and your's alſo.

I accept your offer heartily; it will take the care of him from my mind; call upon me for whatever is neceſſary, and do it freely without fear or ſcruple. You muſt alſo recommend a tutor and governor for Edward Cresfield; for I ſhall expect you to reſide here.

I intend to do ſo, and to execute the duties of my office myſelf, to the beſt of my power; but you will allow me to

ſpend

ſpend a few weeks at Oxford every year, as I am ſtill a member of it?

Certainly, Sir; and when you go there you can act for my brother, and for young Harmer alſo.

At their return from a morning walk to the parſonage, Mr. Cresfield acquainted his mother with all that had paſſed there; and what Mr. Berridge and himſelf propoſed to do for the Harmer family.

She applauded his benevolence in the warmeſt terms, and could not reſt till ſhe had told it to her aunt Wortham. After dinner, this ſtory was introduced again; and both the ladies inſiſted on bearing their full ſhares of all the expences for the Harmers.

The great feſtival of Chriſtmas came forward; and all the family of Cresfield-

hall

hall gave a liberal diſtribution of all things neceſſary to thoſe who wanted their aſſiſtance, and they were repaid by the prayers and bleſſings of the poor.

After the holidays, Mr. Berridge attended Edward Cresfield and Robert Harmer to Oxford, and placed them under proper directions, according to his patron's wiſhes and inſtructions. He obtained an exhibition for Harmer; and aſſured him, that he ſhould be ſupplied with every thing neceſſary for his ſituation; and recomended ſobriety, frugality and application to his ſtudies. As ſoon as he had diſcharged the duties of his truſt, he returned to the care of his pariſh.

A few days after, Mr. Cresfield ſet out for London, after recommending the rector and the ladies to each other; he went part of the way on horſeback, attended by two ſervants; at Oxford, he took the ſtage for London, and ſent back

back the groom and the horſes; retaining his valet Stephano with him.

He went and took lodgings for himſelf and ſervant, before he let the Audleys know of his arrival in town; and the day following, he went full dreſt to Lord Audley's at the dinner hour.

He expected to meet a conteſt with his friend about his place of reſidence; but he thought they had viſitors enough, and he was determined to have a home of his own. After ſome altercation, Mr. Audley gave up the point: Lord Audley ſaid there would always be a place at his table reſerved for Mr. Cresfield, which he gratefully accepted.

He attended moſt of their parties of pleaſure; but ſometimes broke away and amuſed himſelf at home. He frequented ſome of the coffee-houſes, and

ſometimes read the new publications of the circulating libraries.

He took an early opportunity of waiting on the Venetian reſident, apologized for neglecting to pay his reſpects in the paſt years; and requeſted, that if he ſhould receive any letters or pacquets for him, they might be forwarded to his lodgings, leaving a full direction for that purpoſe.

At the ſame time as in the former years, the expected pacquet arrived, and was received without the knowledge of any one but the party concerned; the contents were as follows:—

"The friends of the Cavalier Cres-
"fielo at Venice rejoice to hear that he
"is in poſſeſſion of the fortune of
"his anceſtors. They wiſh him all
"health and proſperity! They cannot
"receive

" receive again the gifts of friendſhip
" and eſteem; they therefore return the
" draft of laſt year with that of the pre-
" ſent, as uſual.

" The family who love him are all well
" and happy; they cannot learn whether
" he is yet married; but they wiſh ear-
" neſtly to be aſſured of the good
" tidings. They ſend their beſt wiſhes
" and prayers for his happineſs!

" The major-domo ſends his moſt
" humble reſpects."

Mr. Cresfield ruminated over this note in ſilence for ſome minutes; he ſighed deeply; All are well! they wiſh to hear that I am married! All theſe things forbid me to return to Venice: would to Heaven I had never ſeen it! I might then have been happy at home. Again he ruminated till he heard a knocking at his door; he awoke from

his reverie, and ſaw his two drafts lying on the ground; he picked them up haſtily, encloſed them in the cover of his pacquet, and locked it up in his bureau.

Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. F. Beresford called on him; they brought the requeſts from Lord Audley and family of his company to a party at home in the evening; he accepted the invitation.

He did not go till the evening, when he found the ſaloon filled with company and card tables. He paid his reſpects to the family, but declined play of every kind. Mr. Audley called him a male prude. He anſwered, call me any thing rather than a gambler, that is to me a term of the greateſt reproach. It deprives a man of the power of giving aſſiſtance to others, and makes him a worſe than uſeleſs member of ſociety.

Pardon

Pardon me, oh, my Charles! I bluſh at the recollection of what you ſaved me from.

You ſhall pardon me in turn for the freedom of my expoſtulation. Take heed, oh! my friend, how you initiate your wife into this dangerous ſcience.

I thank you ſincerely for the hint. I wiſh you would obſerve the uſe ſhe makes of my permiſſion?

It is a dangerous commiſſion, but for your ſake I will accept it.

He ſought the table where Mrs. Audley was ſeated; ſhe was loſing every thing ſhe could; being engaged with veterans in the art, and was no more than a pigeon to them. He looked over her cards; ſhe deſired he would wiſh her better luck; he ſhook his head, ſmiled, and retreated back. He went into

another room, and wrote with a pencil upon a piece of paper,

" My dear Lady, you muſt loſe! You " play innocence againſt deſign, inex- " perience againſt experience, honour " againſt fraud. Above all things, " take care how you accept the offers " of gentlemen to be your bankers: " here are a thouſand dangers, but you " have good ſenſe and good principles " to oppoſe them. This comes from " a ſincere friend to you and Mr. " Audley."

He gave this note to Mr. Audley, deſiring him to ſlip it into his lady's hand; ſaying, Scandal is ſo eagle-eyed that I dare not give it her myſelf. Audley preſſed his hand; and ſmiling, went and dropt the note into her lap.

While the cards were dealing ſhe read it, and then put it into her pocket.

Mr.

Mr. Cresfield intended to go home early, but Mr. Audley ſtopped him, and inſiſted on his ſtaying ſupper; he conſented reluctantly; for he was not entertained, but looked on card playing with the eye of a philoſopher, and on faſhion as another name for folly.

After ſupper, when the ſervants were withdrawn, Mrs. Audley ſaid to her huſband; Pray, Sir, did you know the contents of the note you dropped into my lap at the card table?

No, Madam; but ſuch is the confidence I have in the writer, that I ſhould deliver any letter or meſſage of his, without knowing what it was.

Do you hear, my Lord! (ſaid ſhe); is not your ſon a moſt obliging huſband?

I hope ſo, Madam; but may I be favoured with a ſight of this note?

She gave it to Lord Audley; he read and returned it. I gueſs the writer, it is worthy of him.

Cresfield ſeemed confuſed, but Audley ſmiled, and deſired to ſee the note.

Should not I be juſtified in refuſing it, Sir?

Not after you have ſhown it to my father, Madam.

Well then, for once I will; but I will not make a practice of it.

Audley took the note and read it aloud. The company applauded it warmly, and Cresfield ſaid, he would ſtay no longer to hear himſelf expoſed; he took the opportunity, and went bome.

A ſhort

A ſhort time after, Mr. Cresfield invited Lord Audley's family to go with him to a play of his own chooſing; they accepted his invitation, and the following day he brought tickets for all the company, and told them he had engaged a box. The play was the Provoked Huſband. Mr. Audley told him he was determined to give them a ſecond lecture on gaming.

He anſwered, that he ſhould only ſtrengthen his own opinion by more reſpectable authorities.

Audley recommended his wife to the care of Mr. Cresfield, who attended her to the houſe, and ſat by her the whole evening. After the play was over, he beckoned Mr. Audley, and made room for him; he ſpoke low to him: Your lady bears my lecture ſo well that I think ſhe ought to be rewarded for it. I aſk your permiſſion to make her a

preſent upon her marriage; which I have for ſome time intended. Do not forbid me this gratification, nor think of it but as a token of my affection to yourſelf.

Audley would have declined it, but his friend ſilenced him by ſaying aloud, Do not let us diſpute here, but defer what remains till we get home. Several ſhort ſentences paſſed between them, but Cresfield had the beſt of it.

Three days afterwards, there was ſent to Lord Audley's, directed to the Hon. Mrs. Audley, a complete ſet of dreſſing plate, in the moſt elegant forms, and of the firſt workmanſhip, with a note, as follows:

" Madam,

" With Mr. Audley's permiſſion, " I humbly requeſt your acceptance of " theſe

" theſe trifles for your toilette, as a gift
" on the marriage of my dear friend,
" to whom I am under the greateſt ob-
" ligation. When I was poor and
" unnoticed, he diſtinguiſhed me from
" all other men, and gave me the firſt
" place in his eſteem, which I ſhall
" ever ſtudy to preſerve. In this light
" I will not be refuſed this compli-
" ment; and further, I will not come
" to Lord Audley's till I receive an
" aſſurance that nothing ſhall be ſaid in
" the way of acknowledgment. Wiſh-
" ing your happineſs may continue and
" increaſe, I am, Madam,

" Your moſt humble ſervant,

" CHARLES CRESFIELD."

Within a few hours, he received the following anſwer:

" My dear Cresfield,

" You are equally generous and
" arbitrary; and your commands muſt

" be obeyed. Lord Audley ſays, when " you ſhew us your wife, he will be " revenged on her. Would to Hea- " ven you would give us the oppor- " tunity !

" Come to dinner, or we ſhall quar- " rel; you ſhall not hear any thing that " will give you pain of any kind. The " women all admire and complain of " you; if you were a man of gallantry, " I ſhould be jealous of you before any " man living. With every ſentiment " of eſteem, affection, and gratitude,

" I am your's truly,

" E. F. AUDLEY."

Mr. Cresfield went to dinner as de- ſired; and finding the family wiſhing to ſpeak to him in the complimentary ſtyle, he put himſelf forward, and be- came the moſt lively perſon in the company. Mr. Audley rallied him, and complimented while he ſeemed to abuſe

abuſe him. They were all enlivened by his example, and were more than commonly agreeable.

Mr. Cresfield took notice of young Beresford; he profeſſed a deſire of ſeeing countries, men, and manners. Mr. Cresfield invited him to accompany him in an excurſion he had planned during the ſummer ſeaſon. He propoſed to return in the autumn; and invited the whole family of Audley to meet him at Cresfield Hall on the 20th of Auguſt. After ſome conteſt, the invitation was accepted and fixed. Mr. Cresfield talked frequently of leaving London. This was conſtantly oppoſed by Mr. Audley. At laſt he ſaid, I find I muſt break away and ſay nothing about it. He ſpoke privately to Mr. Beresford, deſiring him to make preparations for his journey; he rode out with him frequently, and returned

to

to dinner. He wrote home, ordering his ſervants and horſes to meet him at ——————.

One fine day in April he ſet out with Mr. Beresford, and ſteered his courſe towards Somerſetſhire, leaving a letter for Mr. Audley, excuſing his abrupt departure, deſiring him to convey his acknowledgments to Lord Audley and the ladies for their kindneſs and hoſpitality; and reminding them that they were to meet him at Cresfield Hall in Auguſt.

Mr. Cresfield's departure threw a ſhade upon the ſpirits of all the family; but Mr. Audley well knew that when once he was reſolved, nothing could alter his purpoſe.

They went in poſt-chaiſes to Oxford, where they ſtayed two nights. Mr. Cresfield ſaw his brother, and heard a good account of him and young Harmer

mer from the gentleman who was entruſted with the care of them both. He invited Edward to meet his friends at the Hall, when he ſhould return home.

On the third day they proceeded to ———, where the ſervants and horſes met them; and the day following they reached home. He ſtaid there only a fortnight, and then ſet out with Mr. Beresford, attended by his groom only, for his excurſion. He went through part of Wales, through Shropſhire, to Derby and to the Peak, where they ſaw the wonders of nature and the improvements of art; from thence to the lakes in Weſtmoreland; from thence to Edinburgh, where they ſtaid ſeveral weeks, taking a view of the country and ſeats in the environs. From Edinburgh they wrote to their friends, promiſing to return by the time appointed for them to meet at Cresfield Hall.

They

They returned by a different route, through Manchester and Sheffield, and from thence to Liverpool; observing at leisure the effects of industry and ingenuity, when patronised by liberty. Mr. Cresfield entered every particular of what he saw into his journal; with remarks of his own on every subject.

They went through ——————, and did not arrive at the Hall till the 15th of August. Mr. Cresfield wrote immediately to Mr. Audley, to claim the promise of the family; and Mr. Beresford wrote also, expressing the great pleasure he had received in his tour, and in Mr. Cresfield's company.

Mrs. Wortham was resolved to spend some time at her own seat, in order to accommodate the company; but she would not depart till after her beloved nephew's return home.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cresfield was employed in making preparations for the reception of her gueſts. She was rejoiced at the return of her darling ſon in good health and ſpirits. She reſolved never more to oppoſe his inclination to travel, finding ſuch good effects ariſe from it; and ſhe began to raiſe hopes that time and abſence would wear out the impreſſion made on his mind.

The Audley family and their gueſts came at the time appointed. They were joyfully received and welcomed at Cresfield Hall. On this occaſion Mr. Cresfield invited his neighbours to meet them; feaſts, balls, and entertainments of various kinds were propoſed and improved on every day. Mr. and Mrs. Cresfield exerted all their endeavours to promote the pleaſure of their gueſts and to aſſure them of their welcome. They were ſo well ſatisfied of this truth, that

that they ſtayed much longer than they deſigned. Edward Cresfield came from Oxford to meet them; and he was much noticed and liked by all the company. The Rector came frequently to the Hall, and was always a welcome gueſt there. They ſtayed there till the ſecond week in September, and Mr. Cresfield returned with them to Lord Audley's ſeat in Hampſhire, and ſtayed there ſeveral weeks.

He returned to Cresfield Hall, and kept his Chriſtmas there. He went to London in February to take leave of Mr. Audley, who was to go to Ireland the month following. He withſtood the moſt urgent deſires, prayers, and intreaties of his friend and the Iriſh gentlemen to go over with them; but his reſolution was taken, and nothing could ſhake it. He ſtayed only a fortnight in London, and then returned home;

home; he then told his mother he ſhould make another tour, without telling her how far it might extend. Having promiſed to write to her frequently, he ſet out, attended by his ſervant Stephano only.

He went through Devonſhire, and from thence to Exeter; from whence he wrote to his mother, and deſired to hear from her. She ſent him a pacquet, encloſing a letter from Mr. Audley, informing him that Mr. Fitzgerald was married to Miſs Audley, and that Lord Audley had permitted his younger ſiſter to accompany them to Ireland; that Mr. Beresford wiſhed to be his travelling companion, even to the world's end; that he would aſk his parents permiſſion to attend him in ſome of his ſummer excurſions, as Mr. Cresfield had encouraged him to do; and would acquaint him of the reſult hereafter.

hereafter. Mrs. Cresfield enjoined him to take care of his health for her ſake. Mrs. Wortham and Mr. Berridge ſent their good wiſhes and bleſſings.

He went from thence to Southampton, and croſſed over to the Iſle of Wight; he went round it, ſaw every thing worthy of notice, and then returned to Southampton again.

It had been the intention of Creſfield to go over to the Continent, and remain there till the winter; but finding the ſummer wearing away, he determined to remain in Britain. He went through Cornwall, returned by another route through Devonſhire, then upwards into Somerſetſhire, and arrived at Cresfield Hall the latter end of October.

His mother and her aunt thought themſelves happy to enjoy his company four

four months together; and he ſeemed contented to be at home. Mr. Berridge the Rector viſited them at leaſt three days in a week; Mr. Creſfield received pleaſure and benefit from his company. Two or three families in the neighbourhood came to viſit in a family way; they believed that Mr. Cresfield was a determined old bachelor, and they ceaſed forming expectations upon him. Edward Creſfield and young Harmer ſpent the Chriſtmas holidays at the Hall, and Mr. Berridge made a good report of their improvements. Mrs. Cresfield ſometimes led to her favourite ſubject; but her ſon always checked her, and put it aſide; ſaying, "I have told "you all that I know, Madam, and I "have nothing further to communi-"cate." She found nothing more to expect from him, and ſhe ceaſed to teaſe him on the ſubject. In the month

of

of February Mr. Cresfield received a letter from Lord Audley:

" Dear Sir,

" I look forward to the hope of seeing you in town soon; but you must not think of going to lodgings; you must come to me. You cannot surely refuse your company to an old man who is bereft of his children; to an old man who loves you next to them, and who derives comfort from the hope of your company. I will not even suppose you can refuse me. I have letters from Ireland; the party are all well and happy; but I will tell you no more till I see you here, when I will not withhold any thing from you. I have a female relation with me, who sits at table with me, and looks like a companion; but she is not one of those whose minds have been enlightened,

" and

" and I want one of a different kind;
" yet ſhe is quiet and inoffenſive.

" Preſent my reſpects to Mrs. Creſ-
" field and Mrs. Wortham; tell me
" when I may expect you, and know
" me always as

" Your ſincere and affectionate friend,

" AUDLEY."

Mr. Cresfield carried this letter to his mother, ſaying, I was balancing whether or no I ſhould go to London this ſeaſon, but this letter has turned the ſcale: read it, Madam, and give me your opinion.

I think as you do, Sir; it is impoſſible to refuſe the invitation.

I rejoice that you approve it, and I go to prepare for the journey. He wrote to Lord Audley by return of the poſt,

poſt, promiſing to wait on him one day in the following week.

As they were chatting over their tea, Mrs. Cresfield obſerved that her ſon's health and ſpirits were greatly improved by his ſummer excurſions.

He anſwered, I am very glad you think ſo, Madam; perhaps you will allow me to extend them farther in future?

Ah, my ſon! How far do you wiſh to extend them?

I propoſe this year to go over to the Hague; to go through the Seven Provinces, and, perhaps, through Flanders alſo; but I fully intend to return home before Chriſtmas.

I cannot object to it, if it affords you health and pleaſure.

It does, my dear mother, and it does more; it enlarges my ideas, and furniſhes my mind with uſeful knowledge.

I ſhould think, ſays Mrs. Wortham, that when a man has ſo pleaſant and happy a home as you have, nephew, he might be contented to ſtay there, without making himſelf a wanderer.

Doubtleſs, Madam, it might be a pleaſant life to many men, but to me it would not; I could not bear to vegetate like a muſhroom upon one ſpot of earth. I like to ſee countries, men and manners, and to obſerve the difference of them.

You are your own maſter, Sir, and can do what pleaſes you.

But I am deſirous to account to my friends for what I do, and I hope in return they will indulge my peculiarities.

Certainly they have no right to oppoſe them, ſaid Mrs. Cresfield; and if they ſhould happen to ſet too great a value on your company, you ſhould in your turn excuſe them. She ſmiled, and they put an end to the converſation.

The following week he went to London. He ſtaid a month with Lord Audley, who enjoyed much pleaſure in his company. During that time he received his uſual packet from Venice, and a ſmall box beſide. The note was as follows:

" A faithful ſervant is a great and ſe-
" rious loſs to a good maſter. The
" major-domo has paid the debt to
" nature. With his laſt breath, he de-
" ſired a box to be ſent to you with his
" laſt reſpects. He told the contents to
" his maſter, who ſends it with this.

" Your

"Your friends at Venice ſalute you as "uſual.—Farewell."

Alas! ſaid he, there is no going to Venice for me! Poor major-domo, thou waſt fond of thy maſter even to enthuſiaſm and extravagance! I was only the inſtrument of thy imprudent wiſhes for thy maſter! Heaven forgive thee, and me alſo, for what cannot be recalled!

He opened the box, which contained a gold chain of great value; a diamond ring of price; a large ſingle emerald, oriental; a ſeries of medals of the Doges of Venice, the Popes, and many ſovereign princes of Italy, in gold, ſilver, and copper.

Cresfield was much affected at theſe proofs of the old man's affection; he ſhed tears over his remembrances to himſelf.

Mr. Cresfield wrote to his mother, that as he purpoſed to embark from one of the Eaſtern ports, he begged her to excuſe his return to the Hall, and receive his adieu from London. He charged her with his regards and compliments to all his friends and neighbours, and to his brother. He ſet out in the latter end of March; he went through Eſſex, and to the port of Harwich, where he took the packet to Helvoetſluys, from thence to the Hague, from whence he wrote to his mother.

" My dear Mother,

" Holland, though ſo near, is yet ſo " different from England, that you cannot conceive it, unleſs you could ſee " it. You are ſtruck, at firſt, with the " exceeding neatneſs of the people and " the towns. They keep their houſes " perfectly clean, both within and " without; and paint them over from " time to time, ſo that they always

" look

" look new. There is an odd mixture
" of ſhips, houſes, and trees in the pro-
" ſpect before you, which pleaſes at firſt
" ſight, but after ſome time tires and
" diſguſts you with undeviating uni-
" formity. The canals are all bordered
" with a row of trees; and I am told,
" that in ſeeing one city you ſee them
" all: there is no variety in any proſpect.
" I am now at the Hague, where the
" Prince of Orange keeps his court, and
" which you may ſuppoſe is the capital
" city of the Seven United Provinces.
" No ſuch thing: they do not call it a
" city, but only a village or borough;
" becauſe it has no walls, and it ſends no
" repreſentatives to the aſſembly of the
" States General. It is however larger
" than many cities, and is really a very
" fine and agreeable place; and the
" people ſeem polite and ſociable.

" I have been out, and have purchaſed
" a book that gives a deſcription of all

"the principal cities, towns, and vil-
"lages, and of all the curioſities which
"are to be ſeen in Holland, better than
"I can pretend to do. I ſhall ſend it
"you with this letter by the packet
"from Helvoet. I do not mean it as
"an excuſe for writing, as I know your
"partial affection is gratified by it. You
"may depend upon hearing from me
"frequently, as is the duty and inclina-
"tion of your own

"CHARLES CRESFIELD."

"Preſent my dutiful attentions to my
"aunt."

Mr. Cresfield wrote to his mother as often as he changed his reſidence, and gave her directions how to ſend her anſwers. He did not return till the month of November, very much pleaſed with his tour. He found letters from Mr. Audley, who exulted in his conjugal happineſs, and in the probable hope of an heir to the family. He ſhould not think

think of returning to England till the following ſpring, when he hoped to meet his dear friend in London. Lord Audley himſelf wrote to him on the birth of the heir; and demanded his congratulations, which he paid to all parts of that honourable family, and Mrs. Cresfield included her's alſo.

It was in the fourth year after Mr. Cresfield's return from his travels that he heard of the death of his friend the major-domo. The fifth year, he had the uſual remittance, but no note.

He ſpent his time in the manner we have related, always being in London at the time he expected to hear from Venice. In the ſixth year, a remittance, but no intelligence. In the ſeventh year, an order upon the Venetian reſident for the ſum of five thouſand pounds, and a piece of paper ſealed, with only theſe words: "You will hear no more

" from Venice." Then Venice ſhall ſee and hear of me, ſaid he, in great agitation.

By this time Mr. Audley had two ſons born to him; Mr. Fitzgerald had one ſon; the youngeſt Miſs Audley married in Ireland. Each of theſe married pairs ſpent a year in turn with Lord Audley, and his ſon generally ſaw him every year.

Mr. Cresfield had uſed his family to his abſence during the ſummer ſeaſon, ſo that they expected it of courſe. He now let them know, that he ſhould viſit Swiſſerland this year, and that they might depend on hearing from him, though perhaps not ſo regularly as on former occaſions.

The Audleys uſed all their eloquence to perſuade him to go with them to Ireland; but his reſolution was not to be ſhaken. He went down the river,

to

to inquire whether any trading ſhip was near ſailing to any port of Italy. He found one bound to Ancona, and to ſail in a few days; this exactly ſuited him.

He ſpent a day and the evening at Lord Audley's, and appeared in higher ſpirits than they had ever ſeen him: he mentioned not the time of his departure, only ſpoke of it as approaching; he took no leave. The next day, he ſent for a barber to cut off his fine hair and ſhave his head; he purchaſed a cloſe dark wig; he dreſſed himſelf à la Bourgeois, ſo that his friends would ſcarcely have known him. His ſervant Stephano attended him, dreſſed in the ſame ſtyle. They took a boat and went down to the ſhip, and embarked directly.

They ſailed three days after, and were purſued by equinoctial winds, and bluſtering weather, great part of their voyage.

They ſtopped at ſeveral ports on the coaſt of France; from whence Mr. Cresfield wrote to his mother an account of his health and ſafety; deſiring her not be alarmed if ſhe heard from him leſs frequently, as he meditated a longer abſence this year, than the former ones. They ſtopped at ſeveral Spaniſh ports, but he did not write from thence, as he wiſhed his mother not to ſuſpect that he had any intention of going further than the ſouth of France.

They did not reach Ancona till within the ſeventh week. Mr. Cresfield's patience was nearly exhauſted by the delay, and he determined to go forward as ſoon as poſſible. He ordered the ſailors to inquire if any trading ſhip was ſoon going to Venice; they could not find one; but there was a bark that might be hired, and would ſail whenever he pleaſed. He agreed with the owner, and the next day ſailed for Venice.

He

He gave orders to the maſter to land in a part of the city the fartheſt from that where he had formerly reſided, from St. Mark's Place, and from the palaces of the nobles. He took lodgings of an inferior kind, and lived in a retired way. He profeſſed himſelf a teacher of languages, who, having ſeen moſt parts of Europe, was allured by the beauty of Venice, and its moſt excellent form of government, to ſee and admire it, from his own knowledge. He undertook to teach languages, in order to help to bear his expences of travelling; and had no objection to ſtay a year, in order to complete his pupils.

He gave his ſervant a ſtrict charge to keep to the ſtory he had taught him, and to avoid interrogations of every kind. Stephano had now ſeven years experience upon his head; and remembering his indiſcretion when they were before at Venice, to be guarded effectually

againſt prating unneceſſarily. He ſpoke of his maſter's great learning; and told the family where they lodged, that he underſtood all arts and ſciences, and was ſuppoſed to be one of the *vere adepti* initiated into the ſecret art of multiplying gold.

He began to be noticed by all thoſe whoſe curioſity is always awake to theſe inquiries. He denied all other kinds of learning except languages, geography, and ſome aſtronomy. He aſked a very high price for his ſervices, which was out of the reach of every man but thoſe of ſplendid rank and great fortune.

Thus he lived for ſeveral weeks; his chief amuſement was hiring a gondola, and going through the canals, which he did almoſt every day, and converſed with the gondoliers.

One day, an old nobleman called on Seignior Carelſon (for ſo he was called),

and interrogated him on ſeveral ſubjects. He confeſſed his incompetency to decide on lauguages, and queſtioned him on his knowledge of the Engliſh particularly.

Carelſon ſaid, he was willing to ſubmit to an examination from any perſon competent to decide on his knowledge of it.

Seignior, ſaid he, there is a widow lady, who has an only ſon; the youth is very ambitious of learning all the modern languages, the Engliſh in particular, and I have been deſired to recommend a maſter. If he could teach them all we ſhould be glad; but we find it difficult to meet with one who teaches Engliſh; we could get one who ſpeaks Engliſh from the Reſident's houſe; but unleſs he underſtands Italian perfectly alſo, he could not make that the medium whereby to explain his own.

I ſhould

I ſhould think, Sir, the chaplain of the Reſident's family would be a proper perſon, for he muſt be a ſcholar.

I thank you, Sir, and will purſue the thought. If you know the Engliſh language as well as you do the Italian, you are the man we ſeek for. I am told your terms are high; I ſay nothing on that ſubject; we ſhall make no objection; if you give ſatisfaction, we ſhall probably exceed them. Farewell, Sir; I ſhall ſee you again in a day or two.

He attended the ſenator to the door of the houſe obſequiouſly. When he returned to his apartment, his heart beat high with doubts, hopes and fears. A widow lady—an only ſon—wiſhes him to learn Engliſh particularly;—why ſo? What uſe can the Engliſh language be of to a Venetian, unleſs there is a particular reaſon for it? Oh, that reaſon! if it ſhould be—

be—Oh, Charles, check thy heart, and guard thy countenance! The Venetians are ſubtile, jealous, ſuſpicious; perhaps thy fate depends on thy prudence; guard thyſelf for thine own and thy mother's ſake.

He ſpent two days and nights in unceaſing anxiety; he ate little, and ſlept leſs. On the third day, the old nobleman came again, attended by the chaplain of the Engliſh Reſident. He began to examine Mr. Cresfield on his ſchool-learning; but ſoon found that he was a much better ſcholar than himſelf. He then made extravagant encomiums on his knowledge and abilities; and told the ſenator, that he was fortunate in meeting with ſuch a man. The old gentleman gave him a note, with a direction to go on the morrow at an hour appointed, promiſing to meet him there to introduce and recommend him. He ſpent this interval of time in great anxiety,

anxiety, and in endeavouring to guard againſt diſcovering any outward ſigns of what paſſed inwardly in his heart.

We ſhall now tranſcribe from Mr. Cresfield's journal an account of the intereſting ſcenes that came forward; becauſe being written at the time, and to the moment, they give a more lively repreſentation of thoſe feelings of the heart than can be conveyed by a cold narration, and alſo becauſe they are the ſame pages that were afterwards ſent to Mrs. Cresfield:

"May 20, 17—. — Heaven grant "that my hope may be gratified! Oh, "my dear mother, I have ſurely ſeen "a wife and a ſon this morning! My "heart trembled with hopes and fears; "but fortified by ſtrong reſolution, I "governed my emotions, though I "could not ſuppreſs them; and I truſt "that I concealed them. I went at "the

" the hour appointed to the houſe I
" was directed to; the old ſenator F—
" was waiting for me there, and he re-
" ceived me firſt. He told me he
" was one of the truſtees and guardians
" to the youth he had mentioned, and
" that his mother conſulted him in all
" things relating to her ſon. Her late
" huſband was the noble ſenator M——,
" who died laſt year; he married late in
" life a ſecond wife, a very young lady,
" in hope of an heir, which hope was
" anſwered; the lady was an excellent
" wife, and a true widow; ſhe devotes
" all her time and attention to the edu-
" cation of her ſon, and has deſired me
" to engage a language-maſter for him,
" which I hope I have done. And now,
" Sir, you may propoſe your terms.

" I referred my terms then wholly to
" himſelf and the lady, ſaying, I had no
" doubt of their juſtice and generoſity.

" The

" The ſenator rang for the ſervant,
" and bade him tell his lady that the
" gentleman whom he mentioned to her
" was come, and waited to be intro-
" duced to her. The ſervant returned
" immediately, bowing invitingly to
" us to follow him. The ſenator
" went firſt, and I followed, arming
" myſelf with reſolution to ſtand the
" trial ſo important to me. We went
" into a ſummer-parlour, where the
" lady was ſitting by a table; ſhe roſe
" not, but bowed moſt gracefully to us
" both. She is a lovely woman, of
" elegant form and features, an oval
" countenance of the penſive caſt; her
" complexion rather ſallow, but illumi-
" nated by the fineſt pair of eyes that
" I ever beheld. Her ſon ſtood by her
" with a book in his hand, leaning on
" the table; his complexion rather too
" fair for a Venetian, his hair a pale
" brown, his eyes a dark hazel; his
" mouth has a peculiar ſweetneſs, his

" voice

" voice is muſic itſelf. My eyes wan-
" dered inceſſantly from one to the
" other, and my heart paid its homage
" by turns to them both. I heard but
" little of what the old ſenator ſaid;
" but I bowed in ſilence to his warm
" recommendations of me.

" The lady aſked when I could come
" to be one of her family? I anſwered,
" that I would do myſelf the honour of
" waiting on her in a few days, and in
" the mean time (with her permiſſion)
" I would call often on the young gen-
" tleman, to get acquainted with him,
" and to examine his proficiency in the
" early part of his education, that I
" might order proper books for him.
" She ſaid ſhe would give orders for my
" admiſſion every day. I aſked the
" youth ſeveral queſtions, and he an-
" ſwered me freely. The lady looked
" at me earneſtly, and my eyes fell
" under her more brilliant ones: I felt

" myſelf

" myſelf alarmed and confuſed. The
" old ſenator praiſed my modeſty, which
" he ſaid was uncommon in a man of
" my deep and various learning.

" We went home ſoon after, and I
" was glad my firſt trial was over.

" Within the few days I have taken,
" I hope my ſuſpence will be over;
" for I wiſh not any of the family to
" know me under my preſent character
" and employment. I ſhall go again
" to-morrow.

" May 21ſt.—Juſt returned from my
" ſecond viſit. I have talked freely to
" the charming boy, and my eyes have
" ſpoken to the mother; ſhe has looked
" alarmed, but not convinced. To-
" morrow I will uſe the line and plum-
" met in order to fathom my deſtiny;
" the means are in my hands. The ring
" which I have ſo long worn in my
" boſom

" boſom ſhall now be worn upon my
" finger; it ſhall ſparkle before her eyes,
" and its rays ſhall penetrate into her
" heart. I hope mine will be govern-
" able, and that I ſhall not be too pre-
" cipitate. I have little doubt that ſhe
" is the magnet that governs my fate.
" Her face reſembles one that I have
" ſeen, but I cannot recollect where;
" it was not in England, nor yet in Ire-
" land; it muſt then have been in Italy.
" I puzzle myſelf to no purpoſe:—No
" matter for the likeneſs.

" May 24th.—My mind has been ſo
" agitated and confuſed theſe three days
" paſt, that I could not continue my
" journal. I will, to my dear mother,
" account for every thing. On the
" morning of the 22d, I went to the
" palace of M——. Perhaps I was too
" confident and too aſſured of ſucceſs;
" but I was ſoon puniſhed by a ſevere
" mortification. I was ſhewn into an

" outward

" outward room, and was left alone near
" half an hour. Impatient of the de-
" lay, I rang the bell, and aſked for the
" young gentleman, the lord of that
" place. After ſome minutes, he came
" to me, but not with that air of free-
" dom and familiarity he had ſhewn
" the days before. I aſked him why he
" did not give me his company ſooner?
" He anſwered, becauſe Mamma has
" been teaching me what I ſhould ſay
" to you, and I could not remember it.

" Can you tell it me now, Sir?

" Yes, I believe I can. Mamma ſaid,
" the ſenator F—— ſaid that you—
" that the language-maſter was a mo-
" deſt man; but, from his behaviour
" yeſterday, I have doubts of it; and I
" cannot reſolve to admit him into my
" family, till I know more of him and
" his character. Here he ſtopped and
" heſitated. Oh, now I have it! I will
" conſult

" conſult the ſenator my friend, and he " needs not come here again till he is " ordered to come. I have now ſaid " all that Mamma taught me.

" I was ſtruck down as with a blow; " I was ſeized with an univerſal trem- " bling, and could hardly articulate a " word. At laſt I ſaid, have I offended " you, Sir? No, ſaid he; but Mam- " ma is diſpleaſed with you, and I do " not know why. I took his hand, and " kiſſed it: My dear Sir, pray tell your " Mamma, that I am in deſpair to have " offended her, though I cannot tell " what is the cauſe of her diſpleaſure; " that though I am ignorant of it, I am " deſirous to acknowledge it; and I " earneſtly beg ſhe will ſuffer me to aſk " her pardon. I will tell her ſo, ſaid " he; and I will tell her that you look " very unhappy, and that the tears " tremble in your eyes. Dear youth!—

" I checked

" I checked myſelf.—Do, my dear
" Seignior!

" He went out of the room, and I
" was glad of it; for my emotions were
" too apparent; my heart ſeemed beat-
" ing through my boſom.

" He came back in a few minutes;
" Mamma ſays ſhe cannot ſee you to-
" day, but you ſhall hear from her
" ſhortly. You change colour; are
" you not well?

" No, Sir; I am not well indeed.
" I felt what Sappho has too well de-
" ſcribed—

" O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
" My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

" I tried to recover my uſual firm-
" neſs; I ſtaggered to the door; I
" bowed to the child, but dared not
" truſt

" truſt my voice. He rang for the
" ſervant, and I know not how I got
" out of the houſe; for I was ſcarcely
" in my ſenſes. I got home, however,
" went up to my apartment, threw my-
" ſelf into a chair, and then

" My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
" I fainted, ſunk, and died away.

SAPPHO.

" How long I was gone I know not;
" as ſoon as I recovered my breath I
" rang the bell. Stephano was aſtoniſhed
" at my looks: My God! what is the
" matter with you, my dear maſter?

" I have been taken ill, but am get-
" ting better; don't be frightened; get
" me a glaſs of water.

" Oh, Sir! let me get you a glaſs of
" wine.

" Only do what I deſire you.

" He did ſo immediately.

" I leaned upon his arm, and I walked
" to the window; the air revived me,
" and I recovered my preſence of mind.
" I bad him retire; he was unwilling
" to leave me. I deſired him to keep
" within hearing; but he went away re-
" luctantly. He looked into the room
" twice, ſaying, Did you not call, Sir?

" No, my good friend; but I thank
" you for your attention to me.

" I ſat in a kind of ſtupor till Ste-
" phano called me to dinner. I had no
" appetite; I ſat and looked at the vic-
" tuals, but ate not. Stephano deſired
" me to let him go for a doctor. I an-
" ſwered, No, my friend; I will take
" your preſcription; give me a glaſs of
" wine. I ate a piece of bread, and
" drank the wine; I found it cheered
" me. Second thoughts are beſt, Sir,
" ſaid

" ſaid he. I ſmiled, and took a ſecond
" glaſs from his hand.

" Perhaps, Sir, you will try to eat a
" bit now?

" No, I ſhall not now; ſit you down
" and eat it for me; ſet my writing ma-
" terials in the next room firſt, and do
" not come again till I ring for you.

" I went into another room; I ſat
" down at the table; I wrote twenty
" or thirty letters, and tore them as faſt.
" I kept writing and tearing till Ste-
" phano came to know if I would have
" tea. He looked at the papers and
" at me by turns. I ſmiled: Do
" not be frightened, Stephano; your
" maſter is not mad; I have been ſome-
" what diſcompoſed, but I ſhall ſoon be
" better; I have been writing upon an
" intereſting and delicate ſubject, and I
" could not pleaſe myſelf; take theſe

" papers away and burn them; I ſhall
" do better another time; I feel I ſhall.

" If I might preſume to adviſe your
" honour—

" What then, Stephano; what would
" your advice be?

" To take a boat, and go upon the
" water, as you uſed to do; not to ſtay
" here writing and drinking tea, for
" it hurts the ſpirits.

" Upon my honour, the advice is good,
" and I will take it.

" Shall I wait upon you, Sir? I do
" not like you ſhould go alone.

" If it will give you any ſatisfaction,
" you may go too.

" He

" He gathered up the papers and
" burnt them, and returned immediately.
" We went down to the next canal,
" and took a boat: as we went along,
" he ſaid, I perceive your honour hath
" met with ſomething that has given
" you uneaſineſs, and perhaps may have
" cauſed your illneſs; I dare not let you
" go among theſe ſubtle Venetians, leſt
" you ſhould run into dangers. I would
" not be impertinently curious, but I
" would hazard my life to defend your's.

" I am convinced of it, Stephano;
" and you may depend on it I will not
" unneceſſarily expoſe it to danger, for
" the ſake of all thoſe that are dear to
" me.

" I thank your honour for this aſſur-
" ance.

" I was refreſhed by the air and the
" water, and returned home with re-

" newed health and ſpirits. I began to
" arrange my thoughts in the uſual way,
" and ſat down again to my writing-
" table. I tranſlate and tranſcribe my
" letter for my dear mother.

" A pilgrim had made a vow to his
" adored ſaint, that, on certain condi-
" tions, he would viſit her ſhrine; and
" ſhe had promiſed to refuſe him no-
" thing when ſhe ſhould behold him.
" He fulfilled his vow faithfully; he
" underwent many labours, and when,
" wearied with his long travels and fa-
" tigues, he came to the ſhrine he had
" ſo much wiſhed to behold, ſhe refuſed
" him admittance to her preſence, and
" conſigned him to deſpair.

" C. C."

" Having finiſhed this note, my mind
" was relieved from the weight that op-
" preſſed it; I reſolved to ſend it in the
" morning, leſt it ſhould alarm her if

" I ſent

" I ſent it immediately, and diſturb " her repoſe. I hoped alſo to take my " reſt, and recover myſelf. I reſted " tolerably, and awoke much refreſhed. " As ſoon as I thought ſhe might be " riſen, I ſent Stephano with the note, " and bad him wait for an anſwer. I " alſo waited in great perturbation of " mind; but determined to try every " means to gain admittance to her pre- " ſence. It was an hour and a half " before Stephano returned with the " following anſwer, written in a trem- " bling hand:

" Seignior Ingleſe,

" Who and what are you?—Declare " yourſelf; you have given me great " diſturbance of mind. Are you the " ghoſt of my departed hope, come " from the grave to diſturb my re- " poſe? Were you ever at Venice before " the preſent time? How long ſince

" was it? You muſt give ſome proof
" that you know ſomething of me, be-
" fore you can be admitted to the pre-
" ſence of

" J. M. G. M."

" She is awakened! ſaid I; ſhe only
" wants to be aſſured. I ſat down and
" wrote the following reply:

" Adored Lady,

" I have been at Venice before, the
" time nearly eight years. I have
" proofs that cannot be ſent; they muſt
" be brought by him who keeps them
" as the treaſures of his life. When a
" ring that has been worn next the
" heart, above ſeven years, ſhall again
" be worn on the finger, it will be
" recogniſed by the donor as an indiſ-
" putable proof of the honour and fide-
" lity of the man who wears it. Grant
" an immediate interview to him who

" languiſhes

" languiſhes for it; let none be pre-
" ſent, not even the darling child; let
" me know the time, that I may pre-
" vent it. I am your own

" CARLO C."

" Another pauſe of an hour, painful
" enough, but deciſive.

" Come this evening at nine
" o'clock, according to your reckon-
" ing; and bring with you my ſentence
" of life or death. Bring a perſon with
" you, who may appear as your com-
" panion.

" J. M. G. M."

" And now I ſit waiting, with my
" watch in my hand; my heart beating
" in reſponſe to it. I will walk into
" the air. I gave Stephano two or
" three Engliſh books to carry after
" me, and to make an excuſe for his at-
" tending me; his dreſs was very little

" different from mine, and he looked
" more like my friend than my ſervant.
" We walked about till the time ap-
" pointed. I rang at the gate; a ſerv-
" ant came, who conducted us into a
" kind of parlour. He ſaid, Gentle-
" men, the ſenator F— is with my
" Lady; ſhe expected that he would
" have gone an hour ago; but is ſure
" it will not be long. I wiſhed the
" old ſenator any where elſe. His
" preſence gave riſe to a new train of
" thoughts. Perhaps this old panta-
" loon has a brother, a ſon, or a
" nephew, whom he would propoſe
" to the lady; or, perhaps, he may
" offer himſelf, knowing that ſhe once
" accepted a man as old as himſelf.
" Then Love did her more juſtice in
" my heart; he ſaid, ſhe was ſacri-
" ficed by her parents; but ſhe will
" now aſſert her own rights and thoſe
" of the man ſhe loves. Ah! but am I

" ſure

" ſure of that? If ſhe decides againſt
" me, ſhe is unworthy of my hand, and
" I will reſign her. Ah! but am I
" ſure of that? How much more ſuſ-
" penſe! At length the ſervant came
" in; The ſenator is gone, gentlemen,
" and my Lady deſires to ſee you. My
" laſt train of thoughts ſtrengthened
" my heart, and gave me reſolution to
" know my fate, and to take a decided
" part in this important interview.

" He led us through ſeveral rooms,
" and up a flight of ſtairs; we paſſed
" through the firſt room, and entered
" a ſecond; I ſaw the lady ſitting by
" a table, with writing materials on it.
" I turned to Stephano; Give me the
" books, and wait in the firſt room.
" When the door was ſhut, I ap-
" proached the lady; bowing as I
" advanced. She was pale and trem-
" bling. I kneeled before her, and

" offered my ring to her view. I ſpoke
" in a low and tremulous voice, Deign
" to look on this ring as the pledge of
" love and honour in him that wears
" it! Remember the mutual vows that
" paſſed when it was given and re-
" ceived! I come to claim the per-
" formance of a voluntary promiſe.
" She leaned back in her chair, and was
" near fainting. I held my *eau de luce*
" to her; it revived her: ſhe again
" looked at the ring, and then at me.
" Have confidence in me, deareſt lady;
" rely upon my honour and fidelity!

" Are you indeed the man?

" I ſwore ſolemnly that I was.

" I was told that you were dead.

" That was done to deceive you, Ma-
" dam, or perhaps through a miſtake;

" my

" my brother died ſoon after I returned
" home.

" What was his name?

" Ambroſio.

" What is yours?

" Carlo Cresfiello, as they call me
" in Italy.

" Are you of noble family?

" Yes; as noble as an Italian Count
" or Marquis.

" Forgive me, Seignior, if I own I
" expected to ſee a man of a different
" appearance.

" I ſmiled. Acknowledge my claim,
" and bleſs me with your hand, and
" you ſhall ſee a man of a different
" appear-

" appearance.—I am diſguiſed, my
" adorable creature! and for your ſake;
" you muſt therefore not only excuſe,
" but you muſt reward me for it.

" How are you diſguiſed? I do not
" underſtand.

" Why, firſt, my countenance is
" bronzed over by art; ſecondly, my
" eye-brows are dyed by a waſh; and
" laſtly, I have cut off my hair, and
" wear a vile wig, as you ſee; and my
" dreſs——

" Oh! that ſmile ſpeaks to my heart!
" You are he!—Oh! riſe, Sir; why
" have I ſuffered you to kneel ſo long?
" She extended her hand; I took it
" with both mine, and held it to my
" lips. I then aroſe, and took a chair
" and ſat down by her. I held out my
" hand, inviting her's; ſhe ſeemed
" doubtful whether to give it me; I

" took

" took it in both mine. It is the chief
" pleaſure and pride of my life, to pay
" the homage that is due to the miſtreſs
" of my heart, and of my fate. I have
" purſued this hope for many long
" years, and at length have brought it
" within my view; do not grudge me
" the preſent moment of happineſs, dear
" lady of my ſoul!

" Alas! ſaid ſhe, I cannot deny the
" juſtice of your claim; but there are
" many difficulties in the way of what
" you are pleaſed to call your happi-
" neſs.

" There is but one that I can allow.—
" You are free from all other engage-
" ments; you acknowledge the juſtice
" of my claim. I have withſtood the
" ſolicitude of my friends, and of the
" beſt and tendereſt of mothers, and
" have preſerved my heart and hand for
" you:

" you: yet if your heart rejects me, if
" you wish to be freed from your volun-
" tary promise, I will give up all my
" *rights* in you.

" Oh, heaven! you are angry with
" me! you mistake my meaning.

" If so, I ask your pardon!—Let me
" understand more clearly.

" She wept, and I could not bear
" her tears; they accused me of anger
" and cruelty. I implored her forgive-
" ness and her confidence.

" My Lord has in his will provided
" for me nobly and generously; but if I
" marry again, he takes from me the
" care of my son, and gives it to the
" other trustees and guardians, the
" senators Fos— and Ve—. How
" can I part with my son? How can
" you

" you aſk me to reſign him? She
" wept, and was ſilent.

" This is indeed a difficulty; I feel
" it, and allow it for you; but love
" can overcome all difficulties; we will
" counteract them all. I will not be
" raſh or precipitate; let us take time,
" and call prudence to aſſiſt our coun-
" ſels. The youth is as dear to me as
" he is to you; it was my hope to have
" enjoyed the company of you; to
" have ſpent my life with you both. I
" will not even now deſpair of that
" bleſſing. Take comfort, my deareſt
" creature; you command my fate and
" your own; let me not ſee you un-
" happy, leſt I repent of my coming
" hither. She became more compoſed.
" I looked at my watch; I fear I in-
" trude on your time, Madam, it grows
" late.

" No;

" No; do not go yet. You muſt
" think me an inhoſpitable creature;
" I have not offered you any kind of
" refreſhment.

" How can you ſuppoſe, that while
" my fate is in ſuſpenſe I can think
" of the animal pleaſure of eating and
" drinking?

" Did you bring any body with
" you?

" Yes; my friend is in the outward
" room.

" Is he a gentleman?

" No; but a faithful ſervant, who
" has lived with me nine years.

" Is he an Engliſhman?

" No;

" No; he is a Neapolitan.

" A Neapolitan! then he is a Ca-
" tholic?

" He is ſo indeed. I allow every
" man to worſhip God in the way
" that he thinks he can ſerve him beſt;
" for that is the beſt way to him.

" That is very generous, and very
" charming in you, Sir; I did not
" think that heretics——that Engliſh-
" men had been ſo liberal.

" They are more ſo than you can
" imagine; their minds are more cul-
" tivated, and their charity extends to
" all the human race.

" That I approve and admire; but
" do Engliſhmen live without eating?

" Not

" Not entirely; but, when their hearts
" are engaged in nobler purſuits, they
" ſometimes forget it.

" She rung the bell for the ſervant.
" She aſked if they had prepared for
" ſupper. He ſaid it had waited an
" hour. She ſaid, when people are
" engaged in buſineſs, they forget how
" time paſſes. She roſe, and beckoned
" me to follow her; we went into the
" ſupper-room. She ſaid, Tell An-
" toine to invite the other gentleman to
" his table, and make him welcome;
" and do you return and wait on us.
" She invited me to eat, and I took
" ſome cold ham and ſalad from her
" hands with pleaſure.

" Our converſation at ſupper was
" more reſerved; but we found enough
" to continue it without many pauſes.
" I drank ſeveral glaſſes of wine, and
" invited

" invited her to drink with me; ſhe
" took none that was not mixed with
" at leaſt half water. I found my
" ſpirits exhilarated, and my timidity
" was flown away.

" We converſed upon various ſub-
" jects about an hour after ſupper; ſhe
" reminded me that it grew late, and
" that I ought to guard her character
" as much or more than my own. I
" confeſſed it was my duty to do ſo,
" and I would obſerve it faithfully; I
" took one dear embrace by ſurpriſe,
" and then bad her adieu. Stephano
" and I walked home quietly, and with-
" out interruption.

" May 27th.—The next morning I
" received the following note:

" Seignior Carlo,

" Your agreeable manners and con-
" verſation overcame the impreſſion

" made

" made by your dreſs and appearance;
" and after you left me laſt night, I
" feared I had behaved unpolitely.
" You ſaid you were diſguiſed; I wiſh
" to ſee you undiſguiſed. You muſt
" give me this ſatisfaction, and you
" muſt excuſe the liberty I take in aſk-
" ing it; which, perhaps, may not be
" agreeable to you, and yet I muſt
" earneſtly requeſt it. You may come
" an hour ſooner than you did laſt
" night, and I will give order for your
" immediate admiſſion to

" J. M. G. M."

" I returned an anſwer by the bearer.

" My dear Lady,

" If my converſation and manners
" had really overcome the impreſſion
" made by my dreſs and appearance,
" you would not have made the unwel-
" come requeſt. How can I appear at

" Venice

" Venice in two different characters,
" except in the time of Carnival?—
" Perhaps it is more dangerous here
" than any where; I could not eſcape
" the remarks of your ſervants, nor,
" perhaps, of other men; and yet I am
" deſirous to gratify your wiſh to ſee me
" as I am. I can only think of one
" way to do it; and it will at the ſame
" time be a criterion of your regard for
" me. You muſt viſit me, and at the
" time you have appointed. You may
" wear a long veil, and be concealed
" from obſervation. Stephano, my ſerv-
" ant, ſhall wait near your door; he
" ſhall conduct you to your faithful
" friend, lover, huſband,

" CARLO CRESFIELLO."

" An hour after came a ſecond note.

" You are cruel, nay tyrannical, to
" aſk ſuch a favour; I cannot com-

" ply

" ply with it: I am very angry with
" you, and will ſay no more.

" JULIA."

" I ſent an anſwer in a few minutes.

" I have complied with your requeſt,
" and you ought, in turn, to do the
" ſame by mine. You muſt not be
" angry at all. If you refuſe to come
" to me, I will viſit you in the ſame
" character I came the laſt night.—Still
" your's entirely,

" C. C."

" Another note within half an hour.

" Seignior,

" You are, like all other men, proud
" and inflexible. You muſt come in
" your own way, or not at all. Al-
" ready you command, and my part is
" to obey,

" JULIA M."

" My

" My adorable Julia! ſaid I; I will
" now believe that you can diſtinguiſh
" between the man and the garment;
" that my company is agreeable to you,
" and that you will aſſiſt me to remove
" all difficulties that are in the way of my
" happineſs—of our mutual happineſs.

" This day ſeemed uncommonly
" long and tedious to me. Ardently
" deſirous to oblige my dear miſtreſs,
" and, perhaps, not entirely with-
" out a ſpark of perſonal vanity, I
" took moſt of the black from my
" eye-brows, and waſhed the bronze
" from my face. I found my com-
" plexion paler than uſual, from anxiety
" and want of appetite; I heightened
" the colour of my cheeks, that the dif-
" ference might not be too obſervable:
" having finiſhed the picture, I waited
" the hour impatiently; I went in a
" boat, and took the air till it arrived.

" I was admitted to her preſence " immediately; I threw off the air of " diffidence and dependance, and ap- " proached her as an equal.

" She looked at me earneſtly. What " have you done to yourſelf, Sir? You " are and yet are not the ſame man I " ſaw before.

" I have made ſome alteration in my " countenance, but not in my dreſs, " to ſhew you that I am more ready " to oblige you, than you are to oblige " me.

" How could you aſk ſuch a thing?

" I thought I had a right to aſk it, " and that you were unkind to refuſe " me.

" What right could you have to " make ſuch a requeſt?

" That

" That of your husband, and the fa-
" ther of your son.

" Hush, Seignior, for heaven's sake!
" let not these walls echo to such a
" sound. What is it you require of
" me?

" To receive me as your first friend;
" to assist me to remove those difficulties
" you have raised in the way of my hap-
" piness.

" What can you propose? I will
" hear you with attention.

" You must make an excursion to
" some of the neighbouring states of
" Italy, for your own health and amuse-
" ment, and that of your son; I will
" either go with you, or meet you there;
" we shall there be freed from imperti-
" nent observers, and may be married
" according to the rites of your own
" church, to which I shall make no ob-

 " jection,

" jection, believing it equally valid with
" my own. I have ſettled our route.
" Firſt to Padua—

" To Padua, Sir! There lives Don
" Lorenzo M——, my late Lord's
" neareſt relation; if my ſon dies before
" the age of eighteen, he is heir to the
" whole fortune of the houſe of M——.

" Has he any power to regulate your
" conduct, Madam?

" No, Sir, not immediately; but his
" eyes are upon me and my ſon. Be-
" ſide this, my Lord expreſſed his
" wiſhes, that my ſon might be con-
" tracted to Don Lorenzo's daughter;
" and this gives him a right to inter-
" fere in our affairs.

" Pray how long has Don Lorenzo
" been married?

" Near

" Near four years; he has a daughter
" and two ſons.

" Excuſe one more queſtion. What
" became of Don Girolamo,—that
" monſter of nature?

" He turned renegade, renounced the
" Chriſtian religion, and became an Al-
" gerine pirate; his ſhip was taken by a
" Spaniſh cruizer, and he was hanged as
" a pirate and renegade; that was the
" end of him.

" It was the juſtice of Providence;
" he met with his deſerts. Did your
" Lord live in friendſhip with Don Lo-
" renzo?

" He did, and died ſo, as you may
" perceive by his laſt wiſhes.

" I thank you, my dear Lady, for
" this information; I muſt make ſome
" little alteration in our route; we
" will

" will conſider about it. In the mean
" time, let us forgive each other, and be
" good friends.

" We were reconciled, and ſpent the
" remainder of the evening more like
" lovers than we had done, yet with the
" utmoſt reſpect and delicacy on both
" ſides. The man who takes bold li-
" berties with the woman he is courting
" for a wife, does not deſerve a woman
" of virtue or delicacy.

" I aſked to ſee the child; he was
" ſent for; ſhe took a pocket-glaſs, and
" bade me look in it; ſhe placed her
" ſon before me, and by her geſtures
" made me underſtand her meaning.
" I perceived the likeneſs myſelf, and
" made her ſenſible of it. She bluſhed
" exceedingly; but I aſſured her of my
" love and reſpect. I ſought to gain
" her confidence, and ſucceeded. Be-
" fore we parted, ſhe reſigned her fate
" into

" into my hands, and promiſed to fol-
" low my directions.

" Wiſh me joy, my dear mother!
" Julia is mine, ſhe is your daughter,
" and we ſhall ſoon be united by the
" laws of man, as well as by thoſe of
" Heaven. I ſhall tranſcribe this part
" of my journal, and ſend it to my dear
" mother by the firſt opportunity."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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